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DIVINE HYMNS

OR

SPIRITUAL SONGS,

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FOR THE USE OF

RELIGIOUS ASSEMBLIES

AND

PRIVATE CHRISTIANS:

BEING A COLLECTION BY *JOSHUA SMITH*, *SAMSON OCCUM*, AND OTHERS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED, IN AN

APPENDIX,

A NUMBER OF HYMNS NEVER PUBLISHED IN THIS COLLECTION.

WILKESBARRE,—PENNSYLVANIA,
PRINTED BY ASHER & CHARLES MINER,
1802.

DIVINE HYMNS,

OR

SPIRITUAL SONGS, &c.

HYMN I.

A Song of Praise.

NOW in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise;
With all the saints I'll join to tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

2 All worlds his glorious pow'r confess,
His wisdom all his works express,
But O! his love, what tongue can tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

3 How sovereign, merciful and free,
Has been his love to sinful me;
He pluck'd me from the jaws of hell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

4 I spurn'd his grace, I broke his laws,
And then he undertook my cause;
To save me tho' I did rebel,
My Jesus has done all things well.

5 And ſince my ſoul has known his love,
What bleſſings hath he made me prove?
Mercy, which doth all praiſe excel;
My Jeſus has done all things well.

6 When eer my Savior, or my God,
Hath on me laid his gentle rod;
I know in all that has befel,
My Jeſus has done all things well.

7 Tho' many flaming fi'ry darts,
Attempt their level at my heart;
With this I all their rage repel,
My Jeſus has done all things well.

8 Sometimes the Lord his face doth hide,
To make me pray, and kill my pride,
Yet on my heart it ſtill doth dwell,
My Jeſus has done all things well.

9 Soon I ſhall paſs this vale of death,
And in his arms reſign my breath,
Yet then my happy ſoul ſhall tell,
My Jeſus has done all things well.

10 And when to thoſe bright worlds I riſe,
And join the anthems in the ſkies,
Above the reſt this note ſhall ſwell,
My Jeſus has done all things well.

HYMN II.

CHRIST the Appletree.

THE tree of life my ſoul hath ſeen,
Laden with fruit, and always green,

The trees of nature fruitleſs be,
Compar'd with Chriſt the appletree.

2 His beauty doth all things excel,
By faith I know, but ne'er can tell,
The glory which I now can ſee,
In Jeſus Chriſt the appletree.

3 For happineſs I long have ſought,
And pleaſure I have dearly bought;
I miſs'd of all but now I ſee
'Tis found in Chriſt the appletree.

4 I'm weary'd with my former toil,
Here I will ſit and reſt awhile;
Under the ſhadow I will be
Of Jeſus Chriſt the appletree.

5 With great delight I'll make my ſtay,
There's none ſhall fright my ſoul away,
Among the ſons of men I ſee,
There's none like Chriſt the appletree.

6 I'll ſit and eat this fruit divine,
It cheers my heart like ſpirit'al wine.
And now this fruit is ſweet to me,
That grows on Chriſt the appletree.

7 This fruit doth make my ſoul to thrive,
It keeps my dying faith alive;
Which makes my ſoul in haſte to be
With Jeſus Chriſt the appletree.

HYMN III.

The Farewell.

FAREWELL, my brethren in the Lord,
The goſpel ſounds a jubilee;

My ſtam'ring tongue ſhall ſound aloud,
From land to land, from ſea to ſea:
And as I preach from place to place,
I'll truſt alone in God's free grace.

2 Farewell in bonds and union dear;
Like ſtrings you twine about my heart;
I humbly beg your earneſt pray'r,
Till we ſhall meet no more to part—
Till we ſhall meet in worlds above,
Encircled in eternal love.

3 Farewell my earthly friends below,
Tho' all ſo kind and dear to me;
My Jeſus calls, and I muſt go,
To ſound the goſpel jubilee—
To ſound the joys, and bear the news,
To gentile worlds, and royal Jews.

4 Farewell young people one and all;
While God ſhall grant me breath to breathe
I'll pray to the Eternal All,
That your dear ſouls in Chriſt may live;
That your dear ſouls prepar'd may be,
To reign in bliſs eternally!

5 Farewell to all below the ſun;
And as I paſs in tears below,
The path is ſtraight my feet ſhall run;
And God will keep me as I go—
And God will keep me in his hand,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

6 Farewell, farewell! I look above;
Jeſus, my friend, to thee I call;

My joy, my crown, my only love,
My safeguard here, my heav'nly all;
My theme to preach, my song to sing,
My only joy till death—Amen.

HYMN IV.

The SAVIOR'S Merit.

SAVIOR, I do feel thy merit,
Sprinkled with redeeming blood,
And my weary, troubled spirit,
Now finds rest with thee, my God.
I am safe, and I am happy,
While in thy dear arms I lie;
Sin nor Satan cannot hurt me,
While my Savior is so nigh.

2 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high,
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Sing his praises thro' the sky.
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory to the Father give,
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Sing his praises all that live!

3 Now I'll sing my Savior's merit,
Tell the world of his dear name,
That if any want his spirit,
He is still the very same.
He that asketh, soon receiveth,
He that seeks is sure to find;
Whosoe'er on him believeth,
He will never cast behind.

4 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glorious Chriſt of heav'nly birth:
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Sing his praiſes through the earth;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory to the ſpirit be,
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
To the ſacred One in Three.

5 Now our advocate is pleading,
With his father and our God,
And for us is interceding,
As the purchaſe of his blood.
Now me thinks I hear him praying,
"Father! ſave them; I have died:"
And the Father, anſwers, ſaying,
"They are freely juſtified."

6 Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,
Worthy is the lamb of God,
Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,
Who lov'd and waſh'd us in his blood;
Holy, holy, holy, holy,
Holy is the Lord of Hoſt,
Holy, holy, holy, holy,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

7 Soon we hope to ſing more ſweetly,
At the marriage of the Lamb,
When the Bride is dreſs'd completely,
Fit to celebrate the ſame:
All our ſhouts ſhall then be ringing,
Round the throne of God moſt high,

And in ſweet melodious ſinging,
Loud ſhall echo through the ſky.

8 Glory, honor and thankſgiving,
Be unto the Lord our king;
O let every creature living
The redeemer's praiſes ſing:
Allelujah! Allelujah!
Now the Lord Jehovah reigns;
Allelujah! Allelujah!
Sing his praiſe in higher ſtrains.

9 Bleſſed, bleſſed, bleſſed, bleſſed,
Bleſſed be the God of heav'n,
Bleſſed, bleſſed, bleſſed, bleſſed,
Who has all our ſins forgiv'n;
Praiſed, praiſed, praiſed, praiſed,
Praiſed be his holy name:
Praiſed, praiſed, praiſed, praiſed,
Now and evermore, Amen.

HYMN V.

The Hiding Place.

HAIL ſovereign love! that firſt began
The ſcheme to reſcue fallen man!
Hail matchleſs, free, eternal grace,
That gave my ſoul a hiding place.

2 Againſt the God that built the ſky,
I fought, with hands uplifted high;
Deſpis'd the manſions of his grace,
Too proud to ſeek a hiding place.

3 Enwrapt in dark Egyptian night,
And fond of darkneſs, more than light,

Madly I ran the ſinful race,
Secure without a hiding place!

4 But lo! th' eternal council rang,
Almighty love arreſts the man;
I felt the arrows of diſtreſs,
And found I had no hiding place!

5 Vindictive juſtice ſtood in view,
To Sinai's fi'ry mount I flew;
But juſtice cry'd with frowning face,
This mountain is no hiding place!

6 But lo! a heav'nly voice I heard,
And mercy's angel ſoon appear'd:
He led me on a pleaſing pace,
To Jeſus Chriſt, my hiding place.

7 Should ſev'n fold ſtorms of vengeance roll,
And ſhake this globe from pole to pole;
No thunder-bolt ſhall daunt my face,
Whilſt Jeſus is my hiding place!

8 On him almighty vengeance fell,
Which elſe had ſunk a world to hell:
He bore it for his choſen race,
And thus became a hiding place!

9 Roll on thou ſun in rapid haſte,
And bring me to that conſtant feaſt,
Where mirthful ſongs of ſov'reign grace,
Are ſung to him the hiding place.

HYMN VI.—*The Chriſtian Soldier.*

O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love,
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagles wings,

It gives my raviſh'd ſoul a taſte;
And makes me for ſome moments feaſt
With Jeſus, prieſts and kings.

2 The things eternal I purſue,
A happineſs beyond the view,
Of thoſe that barely pant
For things by nature felt and ſeen,
Their honor, wealth, and pleaſures mean,
I neither have nor want.

3 Nothing on earth I call my own,
A ſtranger, to the world unknown;
I all their goods deſpiſe;
I trample on their whole delight,
And ſeek a country out of ſight;
A country in the ſkies:

4 Then is my houſe and portion fair,
My treaſure and my heart are there;
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren ſtay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jeſus bids me come.

5 I come, thy ſervant, Lord, replies,
I come to meet thee in the ſkies,
And claim my heav'nly reſt;
Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
Now O my Savior, brother, friend,
Receive me to thy breaſt.

HYMN VII.

Myſteries to be explained hereafter. John 13, 6.

GREAT God of providence! thy ways
Are hid from mortal ſight;
Wrapt in impenetrable ſhades,
Or cloth'd with dazzling light.

2 The wond'rous methods of thy grace,
Evade the human eye;
The nearer we attempt t' approach,
The farther off they fly.

3 But in the world of bliſs above,
Where thou dwſt ever reign,
Theſe myſt'ries ſhall be all unveil'd,
And not a doubt remain.

4 The ſun of righteouſneſs ſhall there
His brighteſt beams diſplay,
And not a hovering cloud obſcure
That never-ending day.

HYMN VIII.

A warning to ſinners, to flee from the wrath to come.

WHEN pity prompts me to look round
Upon this fellow clay;
See men reject the goſpel ſound,
Good God! what ſhall I ſay?

2 My bowels yearn for dying men,
Doom'd to eternal woe;
Fain would I ſpeak, but 'tis in vain,
If God does not ſpeak too.

3 O ! ſinners, ſinners, wont you hear,
When in God's name I come ?
Upon your peril don't forbear,
Leſt hell ſhould be your doom.

4 Now is the time, th' accepted hour,
O ! ſinners come away ;
The Savior's knocking at your door,
Ariſe without delay.

5 O ! don't refuſe to give him room,
Leſt mercy ſhould withdraw ;
He'll then in robes of vengeance come
To execute his law.

6 Then where poor mortals, will you be,
If deſtitute of grace,
When you your injur'd judge ſhall ſee,
And ſtand before his face ?

7 O ! could you ſhun that dreadful ſight,
How would you wiſh to fly !
To the dark ſhades of endleſs night,
From that all-ſearching eye ?

8 But death and hell muſt then give up
Their dead, who will appear
At the laſt trumpet's awful ſound,
Their endleſs doom to hear.

9 No yearning bowels ; pity then
Shall not affect my heart ;
No, I ſhall ſurely ſay Amen,
When Chriſt bids you depart.

10 Let not theſe warnings be in vain,
But lend a liſtening ear;
Leſt you ſhould meet them all again,
When wrapt in keen deſpair.

HYMN IX.

The Soldier of the Croſs.

AM I a ſoldier of the Croſs,
A follower of the Lamb:
Why ſhould I fear to own his cauſe,
Or bluſh to ſpeak his name?

2 Are there no foes for me to face?
Muſt I not ſtem the flood?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help us unto God?

3 Should I be carry'd to the ſkies,
On flow'ry beds of eaſe?
While others fight to win the prize,
And ſail thro' bloody ſeas?

4 Yes I muſt fight if I would reign,
Increaſe my courage, Lord,
To bear the croſs, endure the ſhame,
Supported by thy word.

5 The ſaints all in this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;
They ſee a triumph from afar,
And meet it with their eye.

6 When that illuſtrious day ſhall riſe,
And all the armies ſhine,
With robes of vict'ry thro' the ſkies,
The glory ſhall be thine.

HYMN X.

The Grace of God; or, Divine Condescension.

WHEN the Eternal bows the skies,
To visit earthly things,
With scorn divine he turns his eyes,
From towers of haughty kings:

2 He bids the awful chariot roll,
Far downward from the skies,
To visit every humble soul,
With pleasure in his eyes.

3 Why should the Lord that reigns above,
Disdain so lofty kings?
Say, Lord, and why such looks of love,
Upon such worthless things?

4 Mortals, be dumb; what creature dares
Dispute his awful will?
Ask no account of his affairs,
But tremble, and be still.

5 Just like his nature is his grace,
All sov'reign and all free;
Great God, how searchless are thy ways
How deep thy judgments be!

HYMN XI.

The Justice and Goodness of God.

GREAT God, my maker, and my king,
Of thee I'll speak, of thee I'll sing;
All thou hast done, and all thou dost,
Declare thee good, proclaim thee just.

Thy ancient thoughts, and firm decrees,
threatnings and thy promiſes,
joys of heaven, the pains of hell,
at angels taſte, what devils feel.

Thy terrors and thy acts of grace,
y threatning rod, and ſmiling face,
y wounding and thy healing word,
world undone, a world reſtor'd.

While theſe excite my fear and joy ;
ile theſe my tuneful lips employ ;
cept O Lord, the humble ſong,
e tribute of a trembling tongue.

HYMN XII.

An Evening Hymn.

THE day is paſt and gone,
The evening ſhades appear ;
may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near.

We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to reſt ;
death will ſoon diſrobe us all,
Of what we here poſſeſs.

Lord, keep us ſafe this night,
Secure from all our fears ;
y angels guard us while we ſleep,
Till morning light appears.

And when we early riſe,
And view th' unwearied ſun,
May we ſet out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are paſt,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy boſom reſt,
The boſom of thy love.

HYMN XIII.

A Hymn for Young Converts.

METHINKS I hear my Savior call,
His pleaſant voice doth ſay,
" From tents of eaſe, and ſin, and thrall,
" My fair one come away."

2 God's ſpirit doth his ſaints adorn,
Like cluſters on the vine ;
O 'tis a bright and glorious morn,
To ſee their graces ſhine.

3 Dear Savior, here I panting lie,
And long to ſee thy face ;
O Lord, I pray do not deny
A viſit of thy grace.

4 Dear Savior come, ſweet Jeſus come,
I long to hear thy voice ;
Jeſus ride on, thy pow'r aſſume,
And make thy ſaints rejoice.

5 How long ſhall that bright hour delay ?
When will my Lord appear ?
I long to ſee that happy day,
When Jeſus will draw near.

6 O how I long to take my flight,
My ſoul is on the wing ;

I long to see my heart's delight,
And be with Christ my King.

7 Most gracious King, I love thy name,
I long for to adore,
I long to sound thy gracious fame,
Upon the blissful shore.

8 Then let my soul absorbed be,
While God doth me surround,
As a small drop in the vast sea
Is lost and can't be found.

9. I long thy coming to behold,
Then shall thy saints adore;
My ardent wishes can't be told,
So I can say no more.

HYMN XIV.

The Heavenly Jerusalem.

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
O how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys, when shall I see?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold?
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are pav'd with gold.

3 Thy garden and thy pleasant green
Tho' lonely long have been;
Through dark'ning light, by human sight
Have never yet been seen.

4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why ſhould I fly from thence?
What folly 'tis that I ſhould dread
To die and go from hence!

5 Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace
And cauſe me to aſcend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And ſabbaths never end.

6 Jeſus my love to glory's gone,
Him will I go and ſee,
And all my brethren here below,
Will ſoon come after me.

7 My friends, I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care:
And if I never more ſee you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.

8 There we ſhall meet and no more part,
And heav'n ſhall ring with praiſe,
While Jeſus' love in every heart,
Shall tune the Song, free grace.

9 Millions of years around may run,
Our ſong ſhall ſtill go on;
To praiſe the father and the ſon,
And ſpirit Three in One.

10 When we've been there ten thouſand years
Bright ſhining as the ſun,
We've no leſs days to ſerve our God,
Than when we firſt begun.

HYMN XV.

The Heavenly Lover.

HE dies, the heav'nly lover dies,
The tidings ſtrike a doleful ſound!
On my poor heart-ſtrings, deep he lies,
In the cold caverns of the ground.

2 Come ſaints, and drop a tear or two,
On the dear boſom of your God;
He ſhed a thouſand drops for you,
A thouſand drops of richeſt blood!

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men;
But lo! what ſudden joys I ſee,
Jeſus the dead, revives again!

4 The riſing God forſakes his tomb,
Up to his father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And ſhout him welcome to the ſkies.

HYMN XVI.

The Freeneſs of the Goſpel.

HOW free and boundleſs is the grace
Of our redeeming God,
Extending to the Greek and Jew,
And men of every blood!

2 The mightieſt king, and meaneſt ſlave,
May his rich mercy taſte;
He bids the beggar and the prince,
Unto the goſpel feaſt.

3 None are excluded thence, but thoſe,
Who do themſelves exclude ;
Welcome the learned and polite,
The ignorant and rude.

4 Come then, ye men of every name,
Of every rank and tongue ;
What you are willing to receive,
Doth unto you belong.

HYMN XVII.

CHRIST'S *Invitation*.

COME brethren and ſiſters that love my dear Lord,
I pray give attention and ear to my word ;
What a wonder of mercy ! behold now I ſee,
What a tender kind Savior has done for poor me.

2 I was led by the devil till loſt and diſtreſs'd,
I thot that in torments I ſoon ſhould be caſt,
No peace to the wicked, but all miſery,
Till by faith I ſaw Jeſus hang bleeding for me.

3 Oh ſinner ! ſaid Jeſus, for you I have dy'd,
All glory to Jeſus, my ſoul then reply'd :
The guilt was removed, my ſoul did rejoice,
The blood was applied, the witneſs and voice.

4 On my low bending knees before God I did fall,
All glory to Jeſus, for he's all in all ;
The heart of this rebel was burſted in twain,
At ſight of Chriſt Jeſus on Calvary ſlain.

5 There was peace now in heaven and peace upon earth,
The angels rejoice at a poor ſinner's birth:
Your ſins are forgiven, my Savior did ſay,
Oh! witneſs kind heav'n, on this my birth day.

6 My ſoul it was humbled, I fell to the ground
The time of refreſhing at length I have found,
Oh Lord, thou haſt raviſh'd my ſoul with thy charms,
Let me die like Simeon, with Chriſt in my arms.

HYMN XVIII.

Chriſtian under Darkneſs.

HOW tedious and taſteleſs the hours,
When Jeſus no longer I ſee;
Sweet proſpects, ſweet birds and ſweet flow'rs,
Have loſt all their ſweetneſs to me.

2 The mild ſummer ſun ſhines but dim,
The fields ſtrive in vain to look gay,
But when I am happy in him,
December is pleaſant as May,

3 His name yields the richeſt perfume,
And ſweeter than muſic his voice;
His preſence diſperſes my gloom;
And makes all within me rejoice.

4 I ſhould view him always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wiſh and to fear;
No monarch ſo happy as I,
My ſummer would laſt all the year.

5 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign ;
No changes of seasons or place,
Would make any change in my mind.

6 While blest'd with a sense of his love,
A palace of joy would appear,
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

7 Lord if indeed I now am thine,
And thou art my sun and my song,
Say why do I languish and pine,
And why is my winter so long ?

8 O drive those dark clouds from the sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore,
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

HYMN XIX.

The peace of a young Christian's life and death.

BLEST door of bliss to weary saints,
Thou art, grim Death, become ;
Secur'd as in a cabinet,
Their dust is in the tomb.

2 By death they enter to those joys,
Prepar'd for them above ;
There they are ever swallow'd up
In endless life and love.

3 Lo ! there they see as they are seen,
With clear unclouded views :
And here they hear of nothing else
But joyful glorious news.

4 Anthems of joy and praiſe are there,
With hallelujahs ſung:
Who would be fond of this vain world,
This droſs, this dirt, this dung?

5 The ſaints forever do behold
Their deareſt Jeſus' face;
There always they admiring are
Eternal, boundleſs grace.

6 They're in the houſe not made with hands,
In heaven eternally
They dwell, and with the rays of Chriſt
They ſhine moſt glorioufly.

7 They're freed from labor, ſorrow, ſin,
From cumbrance, peril, pain;
Then we ſhall find whate'er we did
For Chriſt was not in vain.

8 Now heaven's work is here begun,
The work of ſinging praiſe—
The work and will of God in Chriſt,
Which there will laſt always.

HYMN. XX.

The Weary Traveller.

COME all ye weary travellers,
Now let us join and ſing
The everlaſting praiſes
Of Jeſus our great king.
We've had a tedious journey,
And very tireſome too;
But ſee how many dangers
The Lord has brought us through.

2 At first when Jesus found us,
He call'd us unto him,
And pointed out the danger
Of falling into sin,
The world, the flesh and Satan,
Would prove a fatal snare,
Unless we did reject them
By faith and humble prayer.

3 But by our disobedience,
With sorrow we confess,
We have had long to wander,
In a dark wilderness;
Where we might long have fainted
In that enchanted ground,
But now and then a cluster
Of pleasant grapes we found.

4 The pleasant fruits of Canaan,
Give life, and joy, and peace—
Revive our drooping spirits—
And love and strength increase,
T' confess our Lord and master,
And run at his command,
And hasten on our journey
Unto the promis'd land.

5 With faith and hope, and patience,
We 're made for to rejoice;
And Jesus and his people
Forever are our choice,
In peace and consolation
We now are going on,

The pleasing way to Canaan,
Where Jesus Christ is gone.

6 Sinners, why stand you idle,
While we do march along;
Has conscience never told you
That you are going wrong,
Down the broad road to darkness,
To bear an endless curse?
Forsake your ways of sinning,
And come and go with us.

7 But if you will refuse it,
We bid you all farewell;
We're on the road to Canaan
And you the road to hell;
We're sorry for to leave you,
We'd rather you would go;
Come try a bleeding Savior,
And see the waters flow.

8 Now to the King Immortal
Be everlasting praise,
For in his holy service
We long to spend our days,
Till we arrive at Canaan
The celestial world above,
With everlasting wonder
To praise redeeming love.

HYMN XXI.

The Enjoyment of Heaven.

THINE earthly Sabbaths Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;

To that our laboring ſouls aſpire,
With ardent pangs of ſtrong deſire.

2 No more fatigue, no more diſtreſs,
Nor ſin, nor hell ſhall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the ſongs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break our long repoſe;
No midnight ſhade, no clouded ſun,
But ſacred light, eternal noon.

HYMN XXII.

A Morning Hymn.

NOW the ſhades of night are gone,
Now the morning light is come,
Lord, we would be thine to-day,
Drive the ſhades of ſin away.

2 Make our ſouls as noon-day clear,
Baniſh every pain and fear;
In thy vineyard Lord, to-day
We would labor, we would pray.

3 Keep our haughty paſſions bound.
Riſing up and ſitting down,
Going out and coming in,
Keep us ſafe from every ſin.

4 When our work of life is paſt,
O! receive us then at laſt:
Labor then will all be o'er,
Night of ſin will be no more.

HYMN XXIII.

A Hymn for Baptism.

COME ye redeemed of the Lord,
Come and obey his sacred word;
He dy'd and rose again for you;
What more could the Redeemer do?

2 We to this place are come to show
What we to boundless mercy owe;
The Savior's footsteps to explore,
And tread the path he trod before.

3 Eternal spirit, heav'nly dove,
On these baptismal waters move;
That we, through energy divine,
May have the substance with the sign.

HYMN XXIV.

On the swiftness of Time.

MY days, my weeks, my months, my years
Fly rapid, like the whirling spheres,
Around the steady pole:
Time like the tide, its motion keeps,
Still I shall launch those boundless deeps
Where endless ages roll.

2 The grave is near the cradle seen;
How swift the moments pass between,
And whisper as they fly,
Unthinking man! remember this,
Thou, midst thy sublunary bliss,
Must groan, and gasp, and die!

3 My soul attend the solemn call;
Thine earthly tents must quickly fall,
And thou must take thy flight
Beyond the vast extensive blue,
To love and sing as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

4 Eternal bliss, eternal woe,
Hangs on this inch of time below —
On this precarious breath;
The God of nature only knows
Whether another year may close,
Ere I expire in death.

5 Long ere the sun shall run its round,
I may be buried under ground,
And there in silence rot!
Alas! one hour may close the scene,
And ere twelve months shall roll between
My name be quite forgot.

6 But shall my soul be then extinct,
Or cease to live, or cease to think!
It cannot, cannot be;
Thou, my immortal, cannot die,
What wilt thou do, or whither fly,
When death shall set thee free?

7 Will mercy then its arm extend?
Will Jesus be thy guardian friend,
And heav'n thy dwelling-place?
Or shall insulting fiends appear
To drag thee down to dark despair,
Beyond the reach of grace?

8 A heaven or hell and theſe alone,
Beyond this mortal ſtate are known,
There is no middle ſtate:
To-day attend the call divine,
To-morrow may be none of thine,
Or it may be too late.

9 O! do not paſs this life in dreams,
Vaſt is the change, whate'er it ſeems,
To poor unthinking men:
Lord, at this footſtool I would bow,
Bid conſcience tell me plainly now,
What it will tell me then.

10 If in deſtruction's roads I ſtray,
Help me to chooſe that better way,
Which leads to joys on high;
Thy grace impart, my guilt forgive,
Nor let me ever dare to live,
Such as I dare not die.

HYMN XXV.

A Proſpect of CHRIST's Church.

BEHOLD a lovely vine,
Here in this deſert ground,
The bloſſoms ſhoot and promiſe fruit,
The tender grapes are found.

2 Its circling branches riſe,
And ſhade the neighboring lands;
With lovely charms ſhe ſpreads her arms,
With cluſters in her hands.

3 This city can't be hid
Its built upon a hill:

The dazzling light it shines so bright,
It doth the vallies fill.

4 Ye trees which lofty stand,
And stars with sparkling light,
Ye christians hear, both far and near,
'Tis joy to see the sight.

5 Ye insects, feeble race,
And fish that glide the stream—
Ye birds that fly secure on high,
Repeat the joyful theme.

6 Ye beasts that feed at home,
Or roam the vallies round,
With lofty voice proclaim the joys,
And join the pleasant sound.

7 Shall feeble nature sing,
And man not join the lays?
O may their throats be swell'd with notes
And fill'd with songs of praise.

8 Glory to God on high,
For his redeeming grace:
The blessed dove comes from above,
To seal it to our race.

HYMN XXVI.

The Christian's Invitation and Determination.

COME now poor sinner, share a part,
And give the blessed Christ your heart,
Come, we will take you by the hand,
Come, go with us to Canaan's land.

2 Leave all your carnal loves and toys,
And seek with us those solid joys:
For soon in glory we shall rise,
And there enjoy the lasting prize.

3 But if with us ye will not go,
And seek this Jesus Christ to know;
Then we must bid you all adieu,
For by his grace we'll him pursue.

HYMN XXVII.

The Pressure of Sin.

O THAT my load of sin were gone—
O that I could at last submit,
At Jesus' feet to lay me down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

2 When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb,
The God of my salvation see?
Weary, O Lord, thou know'st I am,
Yet still I cannot come to thee.

3 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Savior, if mine indeed thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

4 I would (but thou must give the pow'r)
My heart were from its sins releas'd;
O let me see that happy hour,
'Twill fill my soul with heav'nly peace.

5 Come Lord the drooping sinner cheer,
Let not my Jesus long delay,
Appear in my poor heart, appear,
My God, my Savior, come I pray.

HYMN XXVIII.

The returning Penitent's Petition.

WEARY of struggling with my pain,
Hopeless to burst my nature's chain,
Hardly I give the contest o'er,
I seek to free myself no more.

2 From my own words at last I cease —
God that creates must seal my peace;
Fruitless my toil and vain my care,
And all my fitness is despair.

3 Lord, I despair myself to heal;
I see my sin but cannot feel;
I cannot, till my spirit bow,
And bid th' obedient waters flow.

4 'Tis thine, a heart of flesh to give,
Thy gifts I only can receive;
Here then to thee I all resign;
To draw, redeem and seal is thine.

5 With simple truth to thee I call,
My light, my life, my Lord, my all;
I wait the moving of the pool—
I wait the word that speaks me whole.

6 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure;
Peace, righteousness and joy impart,
And pour thyself into my heart.

HYMN XXIX.

Hymn for Baptism.

LET heav'n and earth rejoice,
And sacred anthems raise,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
For free and sov'reign grace.

2 Behold the spotless Lamb,
Descending from above,
To bring the earthly stranger home,
Upon the wings of love.

3 O may our souls rejoice,
His precepts to obey;
Who to fulfil all righteousness,
Mark'd out the humble way.

4 Thus Jesus did descend
Into the liquid stream;
Which teaches sinners not to scorn
What him so well became.

5 O may we then march on,
Nor fear what men shall say;
Deny ourselves and take our cross,
Since Jesus leads the way.

6 We dare no longer stand,
As neuters to the cause;
But by the help of grace, we'll yield
Obedience to thy laws.

7 Into the wat'ry tomb,
We cheerfully descend;

In token of our faith and love,
To our celeſtial friend.

8 Lord meet us here this day,
Who come to do thy will;
Grant us thy preſence, deareſt Lord,
Thy promis'd grace fulfil.

9 Deſcend, O heav'nly dove,
And wing our ſouls away,
Up to that bright and happy ſhore
Of everlaſting day.

10 This day I'll make my choice
To ſerve the Lord moſt high;
Deny myſelf, take up the croſs,
And do it cheerfully.

HYMN XXX.

PRAYER.

PRAY'R was appointed to convey
The bleſſings God deſign'd to give;
Long as they live ſhould chriſtians pray,
For only while they pray they live.

2 The Chriſtian's prayer, 'tis God indites,
He ſpeaks as prompted from within,
The ſpirit his petition writes,
And Chriſt receives and gives it in.

3 And wilt thou in dead ſilence lie,
When Chriſt ſtands waiting for thy prayer?
My ſoul thou haſt a friend on high,
Ariſe and try thy intereſt there.

4 If pains afflict, if wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, if fears dismay,
If guilt dejects, if sins distress,
Thy remedy's before thee—pray.

5 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,
Tho' thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak,
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

6 Depend on him, thou canst not fail,
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not, his merits must prevail,
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

HYMN XXXI.

Invitation to Sinners.

SINNERS obey the gospel word,
Haste to the supper of your Lord:
Be wise to know your gracious day;
All things are ready, come away.

2 Ready the father is to own,
And kiss his late returning son:
Ready the loving Savior stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the spirit of his love,
Is now, the stony heart to move;
T' apply and witness Jesus' blood
And wash and seal you sons of God.

4 Ready for you the Angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate;

Tuning their harps by which they praiſe,
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 Come then ye ſinners, to the Lord,
To happineſs in Chriſt reſtor'd ;
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of goſpel grace.

6 O quit this world's deluſive charms,
And quickly fly to Jeſus' arms ;
Wreſtle until your God is known,
Till you can call the Lord your own.

HYMN XXXII.

Chriſt All-Sufficient.

LORD, whither ſhall I flee,
That I may be ſecure,
The law proclaims deſtruction near,
And thunders round me roar.

2 My guilty conſcience ſpeaks,
And tells me of my crime ;
How fooliſh I have ſpent my days,
And waſted all my time.

3 And Satan he preſents,
That 'tis too late to pray :
The time and means of grace are ſpent,
And I have loſt my day.

4 Now horrors ſeize my mind,
With darkneſs and deſpair,
I muſt be driv'n from earth to hell,
Lo where the damned are.

5 Theſe tho'ts diſtreſs my mind,
And I am fill'd with fear,
While I am held in hard ſuſpence,
Preſumption or deſpair.

6 If I continue, here,
I ſurely ſhall be loſt,
If I go back to ſin again,
Damnation will be juſt.

7 I'll riſk my 'ternal all—
I'll proſtrate on the ground,
Dear Jeſus for one ſov'reign word,
To heal my mortal wound.

8 Unto thy feet I fall,
And ſov'reign mercy crave,
Dear Jeſus thou, and thou alone,
Art able for to ſave.

9 And whilſt the Lord delays,
My heart begins to break,
Yet ſuddenly ſome joys I feel,
I hear a Savior ſpeak :

10 " Cheer up, for I have di'd,
" My precious blood is ſpilt ;
" Behold my flowing crimſon ſtream,
To waſh away your guilt."

11 My fears and grief and guilt,
Bid inſtantly depart,
Strange and ſurpriſingly I felt,
Wrapt in my Savior's heart.

12 Strangely my ſtate was chang'd,
And I began to ſing,

All glory to the God of love,
Who doth such sweetness bring.

13 I'll praise thee while I live—
I'll praise thee when I die—
I'll praise thee when I rise again,
And to eternity.

HYMN XXXIII.

The Christian's Enquiry.

'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord or no,
Am I his or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly sure can they be worse,
Who have never heard thy name.

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Pray'r a task and burden prove,
Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Savior's love.

4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is darkness, vain and wild,
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You who love the Lord indeed,
Tell me—is it thus with you?

6 Yet I mourn my ſtubborn will,
Find my ſin a grief and thrall,
Should I grieve at what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

7 Should I joy his ſaints to meet,
Chooſe the way I once abhor'd,
Find at times the promiſe ſweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

8 Lord decide this doubtful caſe,
Thou who art the people's ſun,
Since upon thy work of grace,
If indeed it be begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I'll pray,
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin this day.

HYMN XXXIV.

Hymn to cloſe Public Worſhip.

DISMISS us with thy bleſſing Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiſs forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Tho' we are evil, thou art good;
Waſh all our works in Jeſus' blood;
Give every fetter'd ſoul releaſe,
And bid us all depart in peace.

3 O! let a laſting union join
My ſoul to Chriſt the living vine:

And saints below and saints above,
Join'd by his spirit and his love.

HYMN XXXV.

The Judgment Hymn.

THE great tremendous day's approaching,
That awful scene is drawing nigh;
Was long foretold by ancient prophets,
Decreed from all eternity.

2 But, O! my soul, reflect and wonder!
That awful scene is drawing near,
When you shall see that great transaction;
When Christ in judgment shall appear.

3 See nature stand all in amazement,
To hear the last loud trumpet sound,
Arise ye dead and come to judgment!
Ye nations of the world around.

4 Loud thunder rumbling thro' the concave;
Bright forked lightnings part the skies;
The heavens a shaking, the earth a quaking,
The gloomy sight attracts mine eyes.

5 The orbit lamps all veil'd in sackcloth,
No more their shining circuits run;
The wheel of time stopt in a moment;
Eternal things are now begun.

6 Huge mossy rocks and tow'ring mountains
Over their tumbling bases roar;
The raging ocean all in commotion,
Is hov'ring round her frighted shore.

7 Green turfy grave-yards, & tombs of marble,
Give up their dead, both ſmall and great;
See the whole world both ſaints and ſinners,
Are coming to the judgment ſeat.

8 See Jeſus on the throne of juſtice,
Come thundering down the parted ſkies,
With countleſs armies of ſhining angels,
With Halielujahs, ſhout for joy.

9 Bright ſhining ſtreams from his awful preſence,
His face ten thouſand ſuns out-ſhine,
Behold him coming in pow'r and glory,
To meet him all his ſaints combine.

10 Go forth ye heralds with ſpeed like light'ning,
Call in your ſaints from diſtant lands,
Thoſe that my blood from hell hath ranſom'd,
Whoſe names in life's fair book do ſtand.

11 O come ye bleſſed of my father,
The purchaſe of my dying love;
Receive the crowns of life and glory
Which are laid up for you above.

12 For your dear ſouls which have continu'd
With me, and my temptations bore,
I have provided for you a kingdom,
To reign with me for evermore.

13 There's flowing fountains of living water,
No ſickneſs, pain, nor death to fear;
No ſorrow, ſighing, no tears, no weeping
Shall ever have admittance here.

14 But how will ſinners ſtand and tremble,
When juſtice calls them to the bar ;
Thoſe that reject his offer'd mercy,
Their everlaſting doom to hear.

15 See juſtice now with indignation,
Calling aloud for ſinners blood ;
Thoſe that have ſlighted offer'd mercy,
And crucify'd the ſon of God.

16 Depart from me ye curſed ſinners !
My face you never more ſhall ſee :
Be baniſh'd from my peaceful preſence,
To endleſs woe and miſery.

17 Each guilty ſoul then ſtruck with horror
And anguiſh throbbing in their breaſts,
Forever doom'd to endleſs ſorrow,
And never more to hope for reſt.

18 Come ſinners here's a faithful warning !
Return to Jeſus while you may ;
For he is ready to forgive you,
Or elſe you muſt depart away.

HYMN XXXVI.

Gethſemane.

GREAT high prieſt we view the ſtooping
With our names upon thy breaſt ;
In the garden groaning, drooping,
To the ground, with ſorrow preſt.

2 Weeping angels ſtood confounded,
To behold their maker thus ;

And can we remain unwounded,
When we know 'twas all for us?

3 On the croſs thy body broken
Cancels every penal tie;
Tempted ſouls produce the token,
All demands to ſatisfy.

4 All is finiſh'd, do not doubt it,
But believe your dying Lord,
Never reaſon more about it,
Only take him at his word.

5 Lord we fain would truſt thee ſolely,
'Twas for us thy blood was ſpilt;
Bruiſed bridegroom, take us wholly,
Take and make us what thou wilt.

6 Thou haſt borne the bitter ſentence
Paſt on man's devoted race;
True belief and true repentance,
Are thy gifts, thou God of grace.

HYMN XXXVII.

The true Penitent.

HARK! hear the ſound on earth is found,
My ſoul delights to hear
Of dying love, that's from above,
Of pardon bought ſo dear.

2 God's miniſters like flames of fire
Are paſſing through the land,
The voice is hear "repent and fear,
"King Jeſus is at hand."

3 God's chariots they, no longer ſtay,
They're mounted on the truth ;
The ſaints in pray'r, cry Lord draw near,
Have mercy on the youth.

4 Young converts ſing and praiſe their king
And bleſs God's holy name ;
Whilſt older ſaints, true penitents
Rejoice to join the theme.

5 God grant a ſhower of his great pow'r
On every aching heart,
Who ſincerely to God do cry,
That they may have a part.

6 Come lovely youth embrace the truth,
Agree with one accord,
And uſe your tongues while you are young,
In praiſing of the Lord.

HYMN XXXVIII.

A Hymn for a young Convert.

WHEN converts firſt begin to ſing
Their happy ſouls are on the wing !
Their theme is all redeeming love,
Fain would they be with Chriſt above.

2 With admiration they behold,
The love of Chriſt that can't be told,
They view themſelves upon the ſhore,
And think the battle all is o'er.

3 They feel themſelves quite free from pain,
And think their enemies are ſlain,

They make no doubt but all is well,
And Satan is caſt down to hell.

4 They wonder why old ſaints don't ſing,
And make the heav'nly arches ring—
Ring with melodious joyful ſound,
Becauſe a prodigal is found.

5 But 'tis not long before they feel
Their feeble ſouls begin to reel,
They think their former hopes are vain,
For they are bound in Satan's chain.

6 The morning that did ſhine ſo bright,
Is turned to the ſhades of night;
Their harps that did with muſic ſing,
Are now untun'd in ev'ry ſtring.

7 Oh! fooliſh child, why didſt thou boaſt
In the enlargement of thy coaſt,
Why doſt thou think to fly away,
Before thou leav'ſt this feeble clay?

8 Come take up arms and face the field,
Come gird on harneſs, ſword and ſhield,
Stand faſt in faith, fight for your king,
And ſoon the victory you ſhall win.

9 When Satan comes to tempt your minds,
Then meet him with theſe bleſſed lines—
For Chriſt our Lord has ſwept the field,
And we're determin'd not to yield.

HYMN XXXIX.

Christ's Invitation to his Spouse.

ARISE my dear love, my undefil'd dove,
I hear my dear Jesus to say,
The winter is past, the spring's come at last,
My love, my dove come away.

2 The earth that is green is fair to be seen,
The little birds chirping do say,
That they do rejoice in each other's voice,
My love, my dove come away.

3 All smiling in love the young turtle dove
The flower appearing in May,
All speak forth the praise of th' ancient of days,
My love my dove come away.

4 Come away from th' world's cares, those troublesome snares
That follow by night and by day--
That you may be free from the troubles, that be;
My love, my dove, come away.

5 Come away from all fear that troubles you here,
Come into my arms he doth say.
That you may be clear from the troubles you fear—
My love my dove come away.

6 Come away from all pride, from that ra-
ging tide.
That makes you fall out by the way—
Come learn to be meek and your Jesus to seek,
My love, my dove come away.

7 As t' you that are old, and whose hearts
are grown cold,
Your Jesus inviting doth say—
That he's heard your cries in the north coun-
tries,
My love, my dove come away.

8 As t' you that are young, your hearts they
are strong,
Your Jesus invites you away;
From antichrist's charms to your Jesus' kind
arms,
My love, my dove come away.

9 And as to the youth that have known the
truth,
Whose hearts they have led you astray,
Come hear to his voice and your hearts shall
rejoice,
My love, my dove come away.

10 My dear children all come hear to my call,
While I stand knocking and say—
My head's wet with dew my children for you,
My love, my dove come away.

11 My fatlings are kill'd, my table is fill'd,
My maidens attending do say—
There's wine on the lees as much as you please,
My love, my dove come away.

12 Come travel the road that leads you to
God,
For it is a bright shining way ;
Come run up and down my errands upon,
My love my dove come away.

HYMN XL.

The Union.

FROM whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquer'd by love ?
It fastens our souls in such ties,
That nature and time can't remove.

2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a Paradise lost ;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.

3 My friends are so dear unto me,
Our hearts all united in love ;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.

4 O ! why then so loath for to part
Since we shall ere long meet again,
Engrav'd on Immanul's heart,
A distance we cannot remain

5 And when we shall see that bright day,
And join with the angels above,
Leaving those vile bodies of clay,
United with Jesus in love,

6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glory shall see,
Singing hallelujahs, amen,
Amen, even so let it be.

HYMN XLI.

Christ's *Resurrection*.

CHRIST our Lord is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy way—
Who so lately on the cross,
Suffer'd to redeem our loss.

2 In our paschal joys and feast
Let the Lord of life be blest,
Let the holy three be prais'd,
And to heav'n our songs be rais'd.

3 Christ our Lord is risen to-day,
Christ our light, our life our way,
The object of our love and faith,
Who by dying conquer'd death.

4 The holy martyrs early came
To weep o'er the Savior's tomb;
Two bright angels did appear,
Who said Jesus is not here.

5 Where is he, O tell us where,
His blessed residence declare;
Jesus seek among the dead,
Far from these dark regions fled.

6 First the sacred place behold,
In rapture your dear Lord unfold;
Then lift your eyes and raise your voice,
In songs of praise we will rejoice.

7 Haſte ye females from the ſight,
Make to Galliłee your flight,
And to his diſciples ſay,
Jeſus Chriſt is ris'n to-day.

8 Heralds of our joy to you,
Grateful thanks and love are due;
With ſongs to God and praiſes high,
We'll together magnify.

9 The croſs is paſt the crown is won,
The ranſom paid and death's ſting gone;
Let us feaſt, and ſing, and ſay,
Jeſus Chriſt is ris'n to-day.

HYMN XLII.

Chriſt's Sufferings.

THRO'OUT our Savior's life we trace
Nothing but ſhame and deep diſgrace
No period elſe was ſeen,
Till he a ſpotleſs victim fell,
Taſting in ſoul a painful hell,
Caus'd by the creature ſin.

2 On the cold ground methinks I ſee,
My Jeſus kneel and pray for me;
For this I'll him adore;
Seiz'd with a chilly ſweat thro'out,
Blood drops did force their paſſage out,
Thro' ev'ry opening pore.

3 A crown of thorns his temples bore,
His back with laſhes all was tore,

Till one the bones might see!
Mocking they push'd him here and there,
Marking his way with blood and tears,
Press'd by sin's heavy tree.

4 Thus up the hill he painful came,
Round him they mock'd and made their game,
At length his cross they rear—
And can you see the mighty God
Cry out beneath sin's heavy load,
Without one thankful tear?

5 Thus veiled in humanity,
He dies with anguish on the tree;
What tongue his grief can tell?
The shudd'ring rocks their heads decline,
The morning sun refus'd to shine,
When the redeemer fell.

6 Shout brethren, shout with songs divine,
He drank the gall to give us wine
To quench our parching thirst:
Seraphs advance your voices high'r,
Bride of the Lamb, unite the choir,
To praise your precious Christ.

HYMN XLIII.

Original Sin; or, the first and second Adam.

ADAM, our father and our head,
Transgress'd, and justice doom'd us dead,
The fiery law speaks all despair.
There's no reprieve nor pardon there.

2 Call a bright council in the skies;
Seraphs the mighty and the wise,
Speak: are you strong to bear the load,
The weighty vengeance of a God.

3 In vain we ask; for all around
Stand silent through the heavenly ground,
There's not a glorious mind above,
Has half the strength or half the love.

4 But O! unmeasurable grace!
The eternal son takes Adam's place;
Down to our world the Savior flies,
Stretches his naked arms and dies.

5 Amazing work! look down ye skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes;
Ye saints below and saints above,
All bow to this mysterious love.

HYMN XLIV.

Running the Christian race. Phil. iii. 12, 14.

AWAKE, my soul stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all animating voice,
That calls thee from on high:
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:

Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

4 Blest'd Savior, introduc'd by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And crown'd with victory, at thy feet
We lay our laurels down.

HYMN XLV.

A Son's Farewell.

I HEAR the gospel's joyful sound,
An organ I shall be,
For to sound forth redeeming love,
And sinner's misery.

2 Honor'd parents fare you well,
My Jesus doth me call;
I leave you here with God until
I meet you once for all.

3 With due affections I'll forsake
My parents and their house,
And to the wilderness betake,
To pay the Lord my vows.

4 Then thro' the wilderness I'll run,
Preaching the gospel free;
O be not anxious for your son,
The Lord will comfort me.

5 And if through preaching I shall gain
True subjects to my Lord,
'T will more than recompense my pain,
To see them love his word.

6 My soul doth wish Mount Sion well,
Whate'er becomes of me:
There my best friends and kindred dwell,
And there I long to be.

HYMN XLVI.

Hymn for the Lord's Supper.

JESUS once for sinners slain,
From the dead was rais'd again,
And in heaven is now sat down,
With his father on the throne.

2 There he reigns a king supreme,
We shall also reign with him;
Feeble souls be not dismay'd,
Trust in his Almighty aid.

3 He has made an end of sin,
And his blood has wash'd us clean;
Fear not, he is ever near,
Now, e'en now he's with us here.

4 Thus assembling, we by faith,
Till he come, show forth his death;
Of his body bread's the sign,
And we drink his blood in wine.

5 Bread thus broken aptly shews,
How his body God did bruise:
When the grape's rich blood we see,
Lord, we then remember thee.

6 Saints on earth and saints above,
Celebrate his dying love,
And let every ransom'd soul,
Sound his praise from pole to pole.

HYMN XLVII.

Come and welcome to JESUS CHRIST.

COME ye ſinners poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, ſick and ſore,
Jeſus ready ſtands to ſave you,
Full of pity join'd with power:
He is able, he is able, he is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify,
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh;
Without money, without money, without money,
Come to Jeſus Chriſt and buy.

3 Let not conſcience make you linger,
Nor of fitneſs fondly dream;
All the fitneſs he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you, this he gives you, this he gives you,
'Tis the ſpirit's riſing beam.

4 Come ye weary heavy laden,
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous, not the righteous, not the righteous,
Sinners Jeſus come to call.

5 View him grov'ling in the garden,
Lo your maker proſtrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry before he dies,
It is finiſh'd, it is finiſh'd, it is finiſh'd!
Sinners will not this ſuffice?

6 Lo th' incarnate God aſcended,
Pleads the merits of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other truſt intrude,
None but Jeſus, none but Jeſus, none but Jeſus,
Can do helpleſs ſinners good.

7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
Sing the praiſes of the Lamb;
While the bliſsful ſeats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name,
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,
Sinners here may ſing the ſame.

HYMN XLVIII.

The condeſcending Love and Mercy of God in fallen man's redemption.

GOD'S power and wiſdom is diſplay'd
In every thing his hands have made;
But more his mercy and his grace,
In ſaving fallen Adam's race.

2 The matchleſs grace and love of God,
Appears in ſhedding of his blood,
For poor apoſtate Adam's ſeed,
'Tis condeſcending love indeed.

3 Methinks I heard his father ſay,
" The utmoſt farthing you ſhall pay ;
" My injur'd juſtice muſt have right,
" I can't abate one ſingle mite.

4 " Since you eſpouſe the ſinner's cauſe,
" You muſt fulfil my righteous laws ;
" Altho' you are my darling ſon,
" I will have right and juſtice done."

5 Hark ! how the Savior then reply'd ;
" Since juſtice muſt be ſatisfy'd,
" I am your moſt obedient ſon :
" My father let thy will be done !

6 " I give myſelf into thy hands,
" Let juſtice have its full demands ;
" If all my blood will pay the debt,
" Man ſha'nt be loſt for want of that.

7 " If that my life will but atone
" For the offence that man has done
" I freely will reſign my breath,
" To ſave their precious ſouls from death."

8 Amidſt his ſorrows for a ſpace,
His father hid his ſmiling face,
Which did extort ſuch bitter cries
As fill'd all nature with ſurpriſe.

9 Thoſe piercing words, *Eli, Eli,*
Likewiſe *Lama ſabachthini !*
Which our expiring Lord did ſpeak,
They made the univerſe to ſhake.

10 Well might the ſun its glory veil,
And ev'ry thing in nature fail,

And bluſh, had they but eyes to ſee
Their maker hanging on a tree.

11 What adamantine hearts of ſtone
Could hear our Savior's dying groan,
And not lament in any ſhape,
Except ſome harden'd reprobate?

12 How could the ſpotleſs Lamb of God,
Conſent to ſpill his precious blood:
To ſave a ſtubborn guilty wretch?
'Twas love indeed without a match!

13 O! what is ſin, that ſpawn of hell?
Its dreadful nature who can tell?
No man on earth, nor Gabriel's tongue,
Can e'er expreſs what ſin has done.

14 Gods' grace and love to fallen man,
Our human reach can never ſcan!
An angel's tongue can ſay no more,
It is a ſea without a ſhore.

15 Ariſe ye ſtupid ſouls, and view
What your dear Lord has done for you;
And ſpend the remnant of your days
In ſtriving to advance his praiſe.

16 The Father, Son and Spirit too,
All praiſe and honor are their due,
From ſpotleſs angels round the throne,
And human creatures ev'ry one.

HYMN XLIX. Invitation.

COME and taſte along with me,
Conſolations running free;

From my Father's worthy home,
Sweeter than the honey comb.

2 Wherefore ſhould I thirſt alone,
Two are better ſtill than one;
More that comes of free good will,
Makes the bargain ſweeter ſtill,

3 Saints in glory ſing aloud,
For to ſee an heir of God;
Coming in at heaven's door,
Making up the number more.

4 Goodneſs running like a ſtream,
Through the new Jeruſalem;
By its conſtant breaking forth,
Sweetens earth and heaven both.

5 Though my body do its beſt,
For to keep me off from Chriſt;
See the treaſure coming in,
Deſtin'd to the port of ſin.

6 Sinful nature, lurking vice,
Cannot ſtop the run of grace;
Whilſt there is a God to give,
And a ſinner to receive.

7 When I go to heaven's ſtore,
Aſking for a little more;
Joſeph gives a double ſhare,
Calling me a gleaner there.

8 Then I go rejoicing home,
From the banquet of perfume;
Gleaning manna on the road,
Dropping from the mouth of God.

9 Heaven here and heaven there,
Comforts growing every where
This I boldly can atteſt,
That my ſoul has got a taſte.

HYMN L.

The truly enlightened ſoul in the valley of humiliation, humbly reſigned at the foot of a ſovereign GOD.

THE man that views his guilt and ſin
With clear enlighten'd eyes,
He ſees how vile a wretch he's been,
And down in duſt he lies.

2 With humble, low ſubmiſſion 'tis
His ſoul is bro't to ſay,
That God the ſov'reign potter is,
And he but worthleſs clay.

3 His views are juſt and adequate,
He ſees it would be right,
If God ſhould fix his future ſtate
In black, eternal night.

4 He gives it in both free and frank,
His all he then reſigns,
He's willing now to ſign the blank,
And God ſhould write the lines.

5 But yet he can't deſpair of grace,
He wreſtles with his God,
And begs his precious ſoul might taſte
The merits of his blood.

6 He pleads the merits of the Lamb,
That his poor soul may live;
He can't be willing to be damn'd,
Such language he doth give.

7 "The souls condemn'd to endless flames
"Blaspheme the God above,
"While heav'nly saints in highest strains,
"Do praise redeeming love.

8 "Should I be doom'd to endless woe,
"To burn forever more,
"'T would never pay the debt I owe,
"Nor cancel all the score.

9 "Ten million years in fire and smoke,
"Amidst the livid flame,
"Will gain no credit on thy book,
"The debt is still the same.

10 "But if by Christ my soul is freed,
"He will my surety stand,
"And every mite will then be paid,
"Which justice can demand.

11 "If such a brand of fire as I,
"Should now be pluck'd from hell,
"How would the winged seraphs fly,
"Such blessed news to tell.

12 "To Father Son, and Holy Ghost,
"What Glory would redound?
How would the spotless heav'nly host,
"Their golden trumpets sound?

13 "Must I despair of future bliss,
"And so withdraw my suit?

" No, God forbid, since mercy is
" Thy darling attribute.
14 " My ardent cries shall still ascend,
" While I have power to speak,
" And if I perish in the end,
" I'll die beneath thy feet."
15 The man that's brought to such a case,
God won't his suit deny;
But he will give him saving grace,
And lift his soul on high.
16 The one in three, and three in one,
All glory is their due,
From beings far above the sun,
And human creatures too.

HYMN LI.

Views of Heavenly Glory.

NO pen can write that sweet delight,
Nor human tongue express;
There's none believes, nor can conceive
That joy and happiness.
2 That great degree now shewn to me,
Of future joy and peace;
When they're reveal'd and not conceal'd,
My life doth almost cease.
3 Eternal songs of praise belong
To Christ my Savior dear;
And I must sing to Christ my king,
And honor him with fear.

4 When I ſit down to view that crown,
Laid up for me above,
To meditate and contemplate
On God's eternal love.—

5 My ſoul doth leap to think how deep,
My Savior's love hath been;
I'm carry'd out in thoughts devout,
On things that are unſeen.

6 This real view appears ſo true,
That Jeſus is the man
That did agree with God for me,
Before the world began.

7 Lord when ſhall we like angels be,
And travel thro' the air;
And all thy hoſt travel this courſe,
And meet together there?

HYMN LII.

A Proſpect of Heaven.

WHEN God on high ſhall magnify,
His everlaſting love;
And ſend for me to let me ſee
My heritage above—

2 Then I ſhall riſe above the ſkies,
In praiſing God with ſongs;
The ſeraphs they'll ſhew us the way,
Where all the angels throng.

3 Then I ſhall ſhine in light divine,
More than the morning fair,

The Father, Son, and Spirit one,
And I'm a choſen heir.

4 There ſee and feel what they'l reveal,
With pleaſure and delight;
Then ſurely they'l their joys unveil,
And treaſures infinite.

CONTINUED.

HYMN LIII.

LORD, when ſhall we mount up to thee
Upon the wings of grace,
And ſee thy bright and lilly white,
And ruddy, roſy face--

2 And be ſo near that we can hear
Thy raviſhing ſweet voice,
And talk with thee forever free
And in thy love rejoice.

3 And dwell above in flames of love,
Where heart and all ſhall melt--
Where love like ſtreams and light like beams,
Through ages ſhall be felt.

4 Where thou art ſeen and I ſhall lean,
Forever on thy breaſt,
And dwell above in flames of love,
And be thy heav'nly gueſt.

5 Where heart and mind ſhall all be join'd
With thouſands round thy throne,
And ſhall unite in ſweet delight,
That now is much unknown.

6 In that bright place where we thy face
Shall ſee in glory ſhine,
And drink new wine freſh from the vine,
And be forever thine.

7 Amen, amen, the angels cry,
Salvation is his due,
And we to all eternity,
His praiſes ſhall renew,

HYMN LIV.

Death and Eternity.

MY thoughts, that often mount the ſkies,
Go ſearch the world beneath,
Where nature all in ruin lies,
And owns her ſovereign death.

2 The tyrant how he triumphs here,
His trophies ſpread around!
And heaps of duſt and bones appear
Through all the hollow ground.

3 Thoſe ſkulls, what ghaſtly figures now!
How loathſome to the eyes!
Thoſe are the heads we lately knew
So beauteous and ſo wiſe.

4 But where the ſouls thoſe deathleſs things
That left their dying clay?
My thoughts now ſtretch out all your wings,
And trace eternity!

5 O that unfathomable ſea!
Thoſe deeps without a ſhore!
Where living waters gently play,
Or fiery billows roar.

6 There we shall swim in heavenly bliss,
Or sink in flaming waves,
While the pale carcase breathless lies
Among the silent graves.

7 "Prepare us Lord, for thy right hand,
"Then come the joyful day,
"Come death, and some celestial band,
"To bear our souls away."

HYMN LV.

The Loving Kindness of the Lord, Isai. lxiii. 7.

AWAKE my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing the great redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, O how free!

2 He saw me ruin'd in the Fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, O how great!

3 Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness, O how strong!

4 When trouble like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, O how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Jesus to depart;

But tho' I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindneſs changes not,

6 Soon ſhall I paſs the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers muſt fail;
Oh! may my laſt expiring breath,
His loving kindneſs ſing in death!

7 Then let me mount and ſoar away,
To the bright worlds of endleſs day;
And ſing with rapture and ſurpriſe,
His loving kindneſs in the ſkies.

HYMN LVI.

God's Love to his Saints.

MY God above with ſmiles of love,
And bliſsful words will ſay,
" Thoſe ſaints of mine did once incline,
" From my commands to ſtray:

2 " But Chriſt my ſon, my only one,
" Was wounded for their ſins;
" So for his ſake I'll pity take,
" And make them welcome in.

3 " I'll make them heirs and give them ſhares,
" And they ſhall live with me:
" I'll give them crowns inſtead of frowns,
" And joys eternally."

4 I have a robe above the globe,
Which Jeſus gave to me;
'Tis clean and white, it's pure and bright,
And thus his gift was free.

5 It coſt him dear, but he was freer
Than I was to receive ;
And he's got more laid up in ſtore
For all that will believe.

6 If any thoſe ſhould want to know
Where Jeſus gave me this,
And aſk if he elected me,
Then I could tell them yes.

7 If Chriſt made known unto his own,
What they'l receive at death,
There's not a ſaint but what would faint,
And breathe their dying breath.

HYMN LVII.

Longings for Heaven and Glory.

JESUS, I thirſt, and go I muſt,
I long to be above—
I long to ſing to Chriſt my king,
Where oceans flow with love.

2 Ye happy ſouls that always roll
In love and joy and peace,
Which always run thro' God's dear ſon,
Whoſe love will never ceaſe.

3 You're bleſt I ſay and you ſhall ſtay
With Jeſus Chriſt above ;
And always ſwim along with him
In oceans full of love.

4 Glory to God the father be,
Glory to God the ſon,
Glory to God the Holy Ghoſt,
Glory to God alone.

HYMN LVIII.

The Holineſs of God, Iſaiah 8. 13.

HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King;
Thrice holy Lord! the angels cry,
Thrice holy, let us ſing.

2 Heav'n's brighteſt lamps with him compar'd,
How mean they look and dim!
The faireſt angels have their ſpots
When once compar'd with him.

3 Holy is he in all his works,
And truth is his delight;
But ſinners and their wicked ways
Shall periſh from his ſight.

4 The deepeſt reverence of the mind,
Pay O my ſoul to God:
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To his ſublime abode.

5 With ſacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart ſhall pleaſe him more
Than the beſt forms of ſpeech.

6 Thou holy God! preſerve my ſoul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face ſhall ſee.

HYMN LIX.

Faith Conquering.

THE moment a ſinner believes,
And truſts in his crucify'd God,
His pardon at once he receives,
Redemption in full thro' his blood.
Tho' thouſands and thouſands of foes,
Againſt him in malice unite,
Their rage he thro' Chriſt can oppoſe,
Led forth by the ſpirit of light.

2 The faith that unites to the Lamb,
And brings ſuch ſalvation as this,
Is more than mere notion or name,
The work of God's ſpirit it is;
A principle active and young,
That lives under preſſure and load,
That makes one of weakneſs more ſtrong,
And draws the ſoul upwards to God.

3 It treads on the world and on hell;
It vaniſhes earth and deſpair,
And O let us wonder to tell,
It overcomes heaven by prayer.
Permits a vile worm of the duſt,
With God to commune as a friend,
To hope his forgiveneſs as juſt,
And look for his love to the end.

4 It ſays to the mountains depart,
That ſtand between God and the ſoul;
It binds up the broken in heart,
And makes wounded conſciences whole;

Bids ſins of a crimſon like die,
Be ſpotleſs as ſnow and as white,
And raiſes the ſinners on high,
To dwell with the angels of light.

HYMN LX.

The Soul in the Exerciſe of Faith.

YOU ſaints of light that ſhine ſo bright,
Above the lofty ſkies,
Come ſing aloud ſince you're endow'd
With holy exerciſe.

2 My ſoul doth long to ſing a ſong
Unto my Lord above;
And there unite in ſweet delight,
With all the ſaints in love.

3 And ſpend away eternal day,
In lofty ſongs of praiſe,
And thus engage throughout the age
Of everlaſting days.

4 When I get grace and ſtrength of face,
To ſtrike theſe heav'nly notes,
I'll praiſe him too as angels do,
With their ſweet warbling throats.

HYMN LXI.

CHRIST'S *coming to Judgment.*

WHEN Chriſt ſhall rend from end to end
The regions of the air;

And ſplit the ſkies in twain likewiſe,
Then he'll himſelf appear.

2 Then he'll appear a drawing near
In armies broad and long,
In rank and file ten thouſand miles,
Methinks I ſee the throng.

3 Then he will tell the archangel
To blow the trumpet loud,
That all might hear both far and near,
And then you'll ſee the croud.

4 Then he will call both great and ſmall,
The beggar and the drudge;
The high, the low, the poor alſo,
To come before the judge.

5 The ſheep ſhall ſtand at his right hand,
But goats on his left ſide:
Then he will call both great and ſmall
To have their caſes try'd.

6 Then will he ſay, "depart away,
"Ye goats go down to hell,
"And wander there in black deſpair,
"And bid all hope farewell."

7 But to the reſt "come up ye bleſt,"
My ſweet redeemer'll ſay,
"And dwell on high with God and I,
"And ſing my praiſe for aye,"

HYMN LXII.

The love of CHRIST to his Saints.

NOW who are they who dare to say,
I've been too kind to these,
A right I have to damn or save,
If men will not believe.

2 Those robes they wear that shine so fair,
And dazzle like the sun,
I've kept above wrapt up in love;
And angels ne'er had one.

3 Dear saints but I was forc'd to die,
Or you must naked gone;
They're made for you, I know they'll do;
For I have try'd them on.

4 Lord when shall we like angels be,
And travel thro' the air;
And all thy host travel this coast,
And meet together there.

HYMN LXIII.

At the meeting of Friends.

WELLmet, dear friends in Jesus' name,
Come let us now rejoice;
While we our Savior's praise proclaim,
With cheerful hearts and voice.

2 But O! dear Jesus Lamb of God,
Send down the heav'nly dove;
His graces to diffuse abroad,
To warm our hearts with love.

3 In vain, dear Savior here we meet,
Except thy face we see;
Thy presence makes a heav'n most sweet,
When e'er we meet with thee.

4 A dungeon shews a heav'nly dawn,
When there with thee we dwell;
But when thy presence is withdrawn,
A palace proves a hell.

5 Then O! dear Jesus, condescend
To meet us with a smile;
Thy spirit's quick'ning infl'ence send,
And purge our hearts from guile—

6 That at the close each one may say,
"We meet not here in vain;
"For we have tasted heav'n to day,
"Nor could we more contain."

HYMN LXIV.

At Parting of Friends.

LORD, when together here we meet,
And taste thy heav'nly grace;
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We're loth to leave the place.

2 But father, since it is thy will,
That we must part again;
Yet let thy special presence still,
With ev'ry one remain.

3 Let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love;

Till we before the glorious throne
Shall joyful meet above.

4 There void of all diſtracting pains,
Our ſpirits ne'er ſhall tire ;
But in ſeraphic, endleſs ſtrains,
Redeeming love admire.

5 All ſin and ſorrow from each heart,
Shall then forever fly ;
Nor ſhall a thought that we muſt part,
Once interrupt our joy.

6 And thus to all eternity,
Upon the heav'nly ſhore,
The great myſterious One in Three,
Jehovah we'll adore.

HYMN LXV.

ANOTHER.

NOW, Lord, tho' we muſt part awhile,
Upon the ſacred road ;
Yet let thy face upon us ſmile,
And keep us cloſe to God.

2 And if again on earth we meet,
Lord let us meet with thee ;
And let thy gracious preſence ſweet
From bondage ſet us free.

3 This, only this we humbly crave,
While earth is our abode ;
That we with Chriſt and ſaints may have,
Communion on the road.

4 For ſince our fellowſhip below,
Affords ſuch joy and love ;
We long its full extent to know,
When we ſhall meet above.

5 And Lord, let this excite us on,
To keep the narrow way ;
Till we ſhall meet around thy throne,
To ſpend an endleſs day.

6 Celeſtial dove our ſouls inſpire,
Maintain this flame of love ;
Till we ſhall meet that glorious choir,
Of worſhippers above.

HYMN LXVI.

Advice to Youth, from Eccl. xii.

NOW is the time, O lovely youth,
To think on your Creator God,
Attend the words of ſacred truth,
While in the days of youthful blood.

2 This is the only way to find,
The paths of peace and endleſs joy—
The way to ſtore your youthful mind
With pleaſure that will never cloy.

3 But if you fooliſhly delay,
And hearken to the tempter's breath,
To walk in the deſtructive way,
Till age comes on, or ſudden death—

4 O think what dreadful riſk you run—
You hazard your immortal ſoul,

To be eternally undone,
And plung'd where endleſs ſorrows roll.

5 Behold the wretch advanc'd in years,
And with his years grown old in ſin;
No more repentance now appears,
Than when his life did firſt begin.

6 Lo ſtill upon the horrid brink
Of everlaſting wrath he goes;
Anon with horror down to ſink,
Into the gulf of endleſs woes.

7 Young ſinners then a warning take,
Now in your precious days of youth;
All flatt'ring vanities forſake,
And take th' advice of ſacred truth.

HYMN LXVII.

A dying Saint's view of Heaven.

WHY was unbelieving I,
Trembling ſo afraid to die;
Now my feet in ſafety ſtand,
Here within the promis'd land.
Hallelujah.

2 O what wond'rous grace is here,
Now I'm ſafe from ev'ry fear;
Sin and doubts are ever gone,
Sighing ſhall no more be known:
Hallelujah.

3 Henceforth neither grief nor pain,
Here ſucceſſive pleaſures reign;

All things our Hosannah raise,
O the glories of this place:
Hallelujah.

4 O ye perfect happy ones,
Let me try to join your tunes
Come let us exalt the Lamb,
Singing ever to his name:
Hallelujah.

5 He our full redemption wrought,
He for us his glory bought;
From the earth he calls us home,
To our father's house we're come:
Hallelujah.

6 Oft in Kedar's tents I strove,
When his lovely face was hid;
With my friends to raise the song,
But it languish'd on my tongue;
Hallelujah.

7 Jesus now unveils his face,
Here I shout with sov'reign grace;
Fill'd with love, incessant cry,
To his praise in raptures high:
Hallelujah.

8 O my drooping friends below,
Did you half this glory know;
Daily would ye stretch the wing,
Here to fly and thus to sing:
Hallelujah.

HYMN LXVIII.

On GRACE.

HEAVENLY thoughts create my ſong,
And ſet my ſoul on fire;
And glide my pleaſing thoughts along,
To join the heav'nly choir.

2 While trav'ling thro' this deſart land,
My weary ſoul ſhall reſt;
Guided by Jeſus' gentle hand,
To lean upon his breaſt.

3 Here I will eaſe my burden'd mind,
And tell him all my grief;
From Jeſus' blood my ſoul ſhall find
The ſtreams of ſweet relief.

4 I'll lay me down within his arms
And view his lovely face;
As one o'ercome by ſov'reign charms,
And loſt in his embrace.

5 Here I'll behold with joy divine,
The ſprings of riſing bliſs,
And joy to ſee that Chriſt is mine
And view that I am his.

6 The views of my dear bleeding King,
Strike an immortal flame;
Raptur'd with joy my ſoul ſhall ſing
The praiſe of Jeſus' name.—

7 Shall ſing like the redeeming throng,
Of my incarnate God;

His love ſhall be my ceaſeleſs ſong,
Who waſh'd me in his blood.

8 High on the throne my Savior reigns;
Angels adore my King;
In lofty, ſweet ſeraphic ſtrains,
My Savior's praiſe they ſing.

9 There I'll adore my dying God,
And bow before his face;
I'll ſing of Jeſus' wounds and blood,
And praiſe victorious grace.

10 Amidſt th' eternal ſacred true—
Among the ſtarry plains;
My ſoul ſhall ſing as angels do,
In ſweet celeſtial ſtrains.

11 The heavenly flame ſhall ſtill aſpire,
Before my Savior's throne;
His love ſhall feed the ſacred fire,
To praiſe the Holy One.

HYMN LXIX.

A ſoul's view: Or, partaking of the Lord's Supper.

THE tables ſpread, my ſoul there 'ſpies
The victims bleed, the Savior dies,
In anguiſh on the tree!
I hear his dying groans! I prove
His bleeding heart, his dying love,
He dy'd, my ſoul, for thee.

2 The table's spread—the royal food
Is Jesus' sacred flesh and blood,
A feast of love divine:
His bleeding heart! his dying groans!
His sacred blood for sin atones—
Atones, my soul for thine.

3 The feast is spread with bleeding hands,
Bedew'd with blood, and lo, it stands
To fill the hungry mind;
'Tis free, and whosoever will,
May feast his soul and drink his fill,
And grace and glory find.

4 Whilst at the table sits the King,
Raptur'd with joy, my soul shall sing,
With an immortal flame;
My Savior's grace I'll still adore,
With joy I'll love him more and more,
And bless his sacred name;

5 O sacred flesh! O solemn feast!
When Christ my Lord, the royal guest,
Is at his table found;
This adds new glories to my joy—
It bids me sing and well I may,
It makes my bliss abound.

6 'Tis thus my soul by faith is fed,
On angel's food with living bread,
And manna from above—
On sacred flesh, on dying blood!
I feast till I am full of God,
And drink the wine of love.

7 It is an early antipaſt,
Of heav'nly bliſs it is a taſte,
A taſte on earthly ground:
If here ſo ſweet—if here we prove
Seraphic joy—celeſtial love,
In heav'n what will be found?

HYMN LXX.

Redemption found in JESUS, under the idea of an anchor in a ſtorm. Heb. iv. 19.

NOW I have found the ground, wherein
My ſoul's ſure anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jeſus for my ſin,
Before the world's foundation lain;
Whoſe mercy ſhall unſhaken ſtay,
When heav'n and earth are fled away.

2 Father, thine everlaſting grace,
Our ſcanty thoughts ſurpaſſes far;
Thy heart ſtill melts with tenderneſs—
Thy arms of love ſtill open are,
Returning ſinners to receive,
That mercy they may taſte and live.

3 By faith I plunge me in this ſea,
Here is my hope, my joy and reſt;
'Tis here, when hell aſſaults, I flee,
And look into my Savior's breaſt;
Away ſad doubts and anxious fear;
Mercy is all that's written there.

4 Tho' waves and ſtorms go o'er my head—
Tho' ſtrength and health and friends be gone—

Tho' joys be wither'd all, and dead—
Tho' every comfort be withdrawn,
On thee my ſtedfaſt ſoul relies;
Father thy mercy never dies.

5 Fix'd on this ground, I will remain,
Tho' my heart fail and fleſh decay,
This anchor ſhall my ſoul ſuſtain,
When earth's foundation melts away;
Mercy's full pow'r I then ſhall prove,
Lov'd with an everlaſting love.

6 What in thy love poſſeſs I not?
My ſtar by night, my ſun by day—
My ſprings of life, when parch'd with drought,
My wine to cheer, my bread to ſtay—
My ſhield, my ſtrength, my ſafe abode—
My palace, Savior and my God.

HYMN LXXI.

Goſpel miniſter's call, or commiſſion.—From ſeveral ſcriptures.

THUS ſaith the Lord, your maſter dear,
O ye, his ſervants, whom he ſends
To preach his goſpel, far and near,
E'en to the world's remoteſt ends.

2 Go forth ye heralds in my name,
"Sweetly the goſpel trumpet ſound;
"The glorious jubilee proclaim,
"Where,er the human race is found.

3 "Convince a world of ſinners blind,
"And ſhew them where their danger lies;

" The broken hearted careful bind,
" And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.

4 " Be wise as serpents where you go,
" Yet harmless as the peaceful dove;
" And let your whole deportment show,
" That you'r commission'd from above.

5 " And as you freely have receiv'd,
" E'en so to others freely give;
" So shall your message be believ'd,
" And many dying sinners live."

6 " Master, thy word we have obey'd,
(Said Christ's sweet messengers of peace)
And lo, the devils are dismay'd,
" Trembling they flee before our face."

7 Oh! if I had an angel's voice,
And could be heard from pole to pole,
I would to all the list'ning world,
Proclaim his goodness to my soul.

8 O happy servants of the Lord,
Who thus their master's will obey;
Immensely great is the reward,
They shall receive another day.

HYMN LXII.

Divine Fortitude.

DIDST thou, dear Jesus suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?

2 Forbid it Lord that I ſhould dread,
To ſuffer ſhame or loſs ;
But in thy footſteps let me tread,
And glory in thy croſs.

3 Inſpire my ſoul with life divine,
And holy courage bold ;
Let knowledge, faith and meekneſs ſhine,
Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.

4 Say to my ſoul, why doſt thou fear
The face of feeble man ?
Behold thy heavenly captain's here,
Before thee in the van.

5 O how my ſoul would up and run,
At this reviving word ;
Nor any painful ſuff'rings ſhun,
To follow thee, my Lord.

6 For this let men reproach, defame,
And call me what they will ;
Lo, I may glorify thy name,
And be thy ſervant ſtill.

7 To thee I cheerfully ſubmit,
And all my pow'rs reſign ;
Let wiſdom point out what is fit,
And I'll no more repine.

PAUSE.

8 I'll cheerfully take up the croſs,
And follow thee, my Lord,
Submit to tortures, ſhame and loſs,
At thy commanding word.

9 But this I promiſe, to fulfil,
Through thy aſſiſting grace,
For I'm powerleſs, and a weak will,
I muſt with ſhame confeſs.

10 But let thy grace ſufficient be,
In every time of need;
Then, Lord, I'll boldly fight for thee,
And every time ſucceed.

HYMN LXXIII.

The rich Proviſion of the Goſpel.

JESUS, thy bleſſings are not few,
Nor is thy goſpel weak;
Thy grace can melt the ſtubborn Jew,
And heal the dying Greek.

2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage,
Does thy ſalvation flow;
It's not confin'd to ſex or age,
The lofty or the low.

3 While grace is offer'd to the prince,
The poor may take their ſhare;
No mortal has a juſt pretence,
To periſh in deſpair.

4 Come, all ye wretched ſinners come,
He'll form your ſouls anew:
His goſpel and his heart, have room
For rebels ſuch as you.

5 His doctrine is almighty love;
There's virtue in his name,

To turn a raven to a dove,
The lion to a lamb.

6 O could we raiſe a ſong of praiſe,
Half equal to his love:
The heav'ns would ring while we ſhould ſing
Thro' all the courts above.

HYMN LXXIV.

The Pilgrim's Song.

CHILDREN of your heavn'ly King,
As you journey ſweetly ſing;
Sing your Savior's worthy praiſe,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are trav'ling home to God,
In the ways your fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happineſs ſhall ſee.

3 Oh! ye baniſhed ſeed be glad,
Chriſt your advocate is made;
Us to ſave our fleſh aſſumes,
Brother to our ſouls becomes.

4 Shout ye little flocks and bleſs,
You on Jeſus' arms ſhall reſt;
There your ſeat is now prepar'd,
There's your kingdom and reward.

5 O! ye brethren joyful ſtand,
On the borders of your land;
Jeſus Chriſt your Father's Son,
Bids you undiſmay'd go on.

6 Lord obed'ently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we ſtill will follow thee.

HYMN LXXV.

Celeſtial Watering.

SAVIOR, viſit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain,
All will come to diſſolution,
Unleſs thou return again.

2 Keep no longer at a diſtance,
Shine upon us from on high;
Leſt for want of thy aſſiſtance,
Ev'ry plant ſhould droop and die.

3 Surely once thy garden flouriſh'd,
Ev'ry part look'd gay and green:
Then thy word our ſpirits nouriſh'd,
Happy ſeaſons we have ſeen.

4 But a drought has ſince ſucceeded,
And a ſad decline we ſee;
Lord thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

5 Where are thoſe we counted leaders,
Fir'd with zeal and love and truth;
Old profeſſors tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth?

6 Some in whom our ſouls delighted,
We ſhall meet no more below:

Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a ſingle leaf they ſhow.

7 Younger plants to ſight how pleaſant,
Cover'd thick with bloſſoms ſtood;
But they cauſe us grief at preſent,
Froſt has nip'd them in the bud.

8 Deareſt Savior, haſten hither,
Thou canſt make them bloom again;
O! permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain.

9 Let our mut'al love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in pray'r;
Let each one eſteem the ſervant,
And ſhun the world's bewitching ſnare.

10 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the ſtony hearts of fleſh;
Now begin from this good hour,
To revive thy work afreſh.

HYMN LXXVI.

The ſlow Traveller.

OH! happy ſoul how faſt you go,
And leave me here behind;
Don't ſtop for me for now I ſee,
The Lord is juſt and kind.

2 Go on, go on, my ſoul ſays go,
And I'll come after you;
Tho' left behind, yet I can find,
I'll ſing Hoſannah too.

3 God give you ſtrength that you may run,
And keep your foot-ſteps right;
Tho' faſt you go, and I ſo ſlow,
You are not out of ſight.

4 When you get to thoſe worlds above,
And all their glories ſee;
When you get home your journey's done,
Then look you out for me.

5 For I will come faſt as I can,
Along the way I'll ſteer;
Lord give me ſtrength, I ſhall at length
Be one among you there.

6 There altogether we ſhall be,
Together we ſhall ſing;
Together ſhall we praiſe our God
And everlaſting king.

7 When we've been there ten thouſand years
Bright ſhining like the ſun;
We've no leſs days to ſing God's praiſe
Then when we'd firſt begun.

HYMN LXXVII.

The Fair Manſions.

WE in this tabernacle mourn,
For immortality;
Burden'd with ſin we daily groan,
And long to be ſet free.

2 We view this world not as our home,
But ſojourn in a vale:

We ſeek a city yet to come,
Where joy ſhall never fail.

3 We have an houſe above the ſky,
In heav'n's unmeaſur'd ſpace;
Where we ſhall dwell eternally,
To ſee our Savior's face.

4 Roll on, roll on our peaceful years,
And bring our ſouls to reſt;
Where troubles end, and doubts and fears,
No more diſturb our breaſt.

5 Then we ſhall bid a long farewell,
To all thoſe fleeting things;
Our clay in earth we leave to dwell,
To mount on ſacred wings.

6 Swifter than thought we ſoar on high,
Above thoſe twinkling ſtars;
Paſs through the regions of the ſky,
And all thoſe rolling ſpheres.

7 The ſun ere long will diſappear,
And ſinners feel their loſs;
While we aſcend through yielding air,
And ſteer th' eternal courſe.

8 Now winged time is known no more,
Eternity begins!
Our ſouls have gain'd the heav'nly ſhore,
And view th' amazing ſcenes.

9 Their ſongs begin to ſound ſo ſweet,
Our raptur'd ſouls on fire,
To bow around our Savior's feet,
And join the heav'nly choir.

10 Unnumber'd years shall gently roll,
And each increase their bliss;
When God shall say unto each soul,
Come dwell where Jesus is.

11 Then will your blessed Jesus come,
And bid the dead arise;
And call his weary'd children home,
To mansions in the skies.

12 Where sin and sorrow all shall cease,
And tears be wip'd away;
And nothing shall disturb our peace,
To one eternal day.

HYMN LXXVIII.

Love to Jesus.

THEE will I love my Lord, my tow'r,
Thee will I love my joy my crown,
Thee will I love with all my pow'r
Of mind, and strength, and heart alone.

2 Thee will I love, my joy, my throne,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God:
Thee will I love beneath thy frown,
Thy smiles, thy sceptre or thy rod.

HYMN LXXIX.

Praise to Redeeming Grace.

DIFFUSE thy beams and teach my heart
Now with genial warmth to glow:
For lo! without thy heav'nly art,
In vain my lofty numbers flow.

2 Magnificent, free grace ariſe,
Out ſhine the thoughts of ſhallow man;
Sovereign, preventing all divine,
To him that neither will'd nor ran.

3 Grand is the boſom whence thou flow'd,
Kind is the heart that gave thee vent;
Rich is the gift that God beſtow'd,
Lovely and ſo like Chriſt be ſent.

4 Grace by a righteouſneſs doth reign,
Wrought by the ſacred life of God;
Where ſin is ſpoil'd, grace ſhall maintain,
Its rights in Jeſus' ſacred blood.

5 Who counts the ſands that bounds the ſea,
Not half his ſins can number o'er;
And ah! what millions yet but ſee
Grace hath ten thouſand mercies more.

6 Infinite grace how full of God,
In ev'ry work of thine—there glows
New glories in thy ſacred blood,
There life divine eternal flows.

7 We bowing ſing thy death ſo ſtrong
Which all our ſouls from death defends;
Shout ye redeem'd—for here your ſong
Begins, and never—never ends.

HYMN LXXX.

Chriſt the Glorious Lover.

LET Chriſt the glorious Lover,
Have everlaſting praiſe,

He comes for to discover,
The riches of his grace.

2 He courts a wretched sinner,
To be his loving bride;
Resolving for to win her,
And will not be deny'd.

3 When first he calls upon her,
Herself for to deny,
To cast away her honor,
And lay her pleasures by.

4 To part with ev'ry notion,
That puffs her up with pride,
To take him for her portion
And be his loving bride.

5 The offers he makes to her,
Is what she can't endure,
She thinks it will undo her
To part with all her store.

6 She wilfully refuses,
To yield unto his will;
And in her heart she chooses,
Her former lover still.

7 She bolts the door upon her,
And bids her Lord depart;
No more will serve his honor,
Nor give to him her heart.

8 But Jesus loves the sinner,
And will not leave the door;
But cries, O charming creature,
Reject my suit no more,

9 My love, my dove, my jewel,
Arise and let me in;
How can you be so cruel,
To bar your heart with sin.

10 If calls and invitation,
Will not excite your love;
Prepare for condemnation,
For I will not remove.

11 He then displays his pow'r,
By an almighty word:
And threatens to devour,
And shews his flaming sword.

12 She now begins to tremble
At what she sees and hears:
And feign she would be humble,
And wash her crimes with tears.

13 She does not yet discover,
The filth of her inside;
But hopes the Lord will love her,
And take her for his bride.

14 But like refiners' fire,
That searches ev'ry part;
Conviction's rising higher,
She feels a wretched heart.

15 She now begins to languish,
And none can her relieve;
Her heart is full of anguish,
To find she can't believe.

16 Her Savior has departed,
And left her full of woe;

And being broken hearted,
She cries, what shall I do?

17 But Jesus has compassion,
Still moving in his breast;
Intends to give salvation,
And ease the soul distress'd.

18 One glimpse of love and power
Makes her forget her pain;
She cries, O happy hour,
Is Jesus come again.

19 Is he whom I rejected,
Stoop'd down to me so low;
Good news, but unexpected,
It hardly can be true.

20 And still she cries more fervent,
Lord don't thy mercy hide;
May I become a servant,
And fit to be a bride.

21 The marriage is made ready,
The parties are agreed;
The holy son of David,
And Adam's wicked seed.

22 The sinner is adorned
With raiment clean and white;
Her sins are freely pardon'd,
And she's her love's delight.

23 They eat and drink together,
And mutually embrace;
Both saints and angels wonder,
At this surprising grace,

24 This union ſhall continue,
For evermore the ſame;
And nothing part aſunder,
The Chriſtian and the Lamb.

HYMN LXXXI.

The Fight of Faith.

OMNIPOTENT Lord, my Savior, and king,
Thy ſuccor afford, thy righteouſneſs bring;
Thy promiſes bind thee compaſſion to have,
O now let me find thee mighty to ſave.

2 Rejoicing in hope and patient in grief,
To thee I look up for certain relief;
I fear no denial, no danger I fear,
Nor ſtart from the trial if Jeſus is near.

3 I every hour in jeopardy ſtand,
But thou art my pow'r, and holdeſt my hand;
I wait, I am calling, thy ſuccor I feel,
It ſaves me from falling, or plucks me from hell.

4 On Jeſus my Savior I then will rely,
All evil before his preſence ſhall fly;
When I find my Savior, my fears ſhall depart,
And Jeſus forever ſhall reign in my heart.

HYMN LXXXII.

To be ſung before going into public worship.

THE Savior meets his flock to day,
Shall I in ſloth abide at home?

Shall I behind the people ſtay ?
When Jeſus calls there ſtill is room,
I'll go—it is a place of pray'r,
Who knows but God may meet me there ?

2 To day Immanuel feeds his ſaints,
And here the Chriſtians find their King—
They lay open their complaints,
And here the Savior's praiſe they ſing ;
Into their number I'll preſume,
Since Jeſus kindly bids me come.

3 How long did faithful Anna wait,
And fought the Lord full four ſcore years,
Both day and night, at th' temple gate ;
She watch'd with many ſighs and tears,
And ſcarcely left the houſe of pray'r
Till God vouchſaf'd to meet her there.

4 Dear Savior, then permit me pow'r,
And like the ſaints I'll watch for thee,
Content till the appointed hour,
When thou ſhalt be reveal'd in me ;
Daily my ſoul within thy gate,
Shall for thy gracious preſence wait.

5 Remove temptation, O my Lord,
And let my enemies be ſlain,
Who would withdraw me from thy word,
And plunge me in the world again :
And when the Bridegroom ſhall appear,
O may my ſoul be found in pray'r.

HYMN LXXXIII.

Guilt and distress inseparable companions.

SIN is the fatal cause of woe,
The spring from whence our troubles flow,
Yet when we take a view
Of those who sin in ev'ry breath,
Yet feel no checks in life and death,
We scarce believe it true.

2 Thousands around seem highly bless'd,
Who treat religion as a jest,
A fable or a song;
Down life's impet'uous stream they glide,
Favor'd with canvas, wind and tide,
And smoothly float along.

3 By pleasure's flow'ry bank they steer,
No troubles feel, nor can they fear
But laugh, and sing, and play;
Till deep they plunge in endless night
Without one drop of sweet delight,
Or glimpse of op'ning day.

4 O sad exchange! O wretched state?
Now they can feel (when 'tis too late)
What they have heard in vain;
Despair and anguish dwell within,
The bitter, bitter fruits of sin,
And make them roar with pain!

5 Their groans emphatic, loud complain,
'Twas guilt that caus'd their guilt and shame
And freely they confess

The bitter pill was candy'd o'er,
'Twas all indulgence juſt before,
But now 'tis all diſtreſs.

6 More they would own—but I forbear,
And quit thoſe regions of deſpair;
And now would aſk the ſaints,
" If guilt be harmleſs tell me why
" Thoſe trickling tears, that heaving ſigh,
" And whence thoſe ſad complaints."

7 When ſin, that viper, you careſs
Striking remorſe and keen diſtreſs
Speedily make you ſmart;
'Tis that which hides the Savior's face,
Incurs his frowns, ſuſpends his grace,
And wounds you to the heart.

8 Then grief like heavy torrents roll,
Till the poor agonizing ſoul
Lies bleeding on the rack;
The round of duty's trodden ſtill,
But 'tis like laboring up a hill,
With mountains on the back.

9 One guilty ſcene ſuch anguiſh brings,
Clogs the poor ſoul and clips its wings,
And drags it from the ſkies;
'Till Jeſus dreſs'd in white appears,
Forgives the guilt, and wipes the tears
From the beclouded eyes.

10 O Chriſtians! never hope to meet,
In pleaſures ſinful, taſting ſweet,
But bid them all adieu;

Stings from forbidden pleasures grow,
At least my soul hath found it so,
And owns th' assertion true.

11 Restraining grace dear Jesus grant,
Make me like nature's noblest plant;
And may my fear be such,
That when temptations lie in wait,
I may disdain the gilded bait,
And shrinking, shun the touch.

HYMN LXXXIV.

The Sinner's call rejected.

COME all who've spent your blooming days
In your own lusts, and Satan's ways;
Bow down to God, confess your sin,
Lest you should never enter in—

2 In thro' the gate that is on high,
Which leads to joys above the sky;
Where all the saints their voices raise,
Rejoice and sing their maker's praise.

3 All who do wish to pass this gate,
Must walk upright and very straight;
If you should miss this gate I know,
Down to a burning hell you'll go.

4 There endless sorrow, endless pain,
Without a hope of peace again;
Oh! then your aching souls will say,
"Why did we God so disobey."

5 His hand was stretch'd forth all the day,
We cannot have one word to say;

For we have had many a call,
And we like fools rejected all.

6 One word of caution to the young,
Who never have God's praises sung;
Give up to christ before too late,
Or else in hell you'll have your fate.

7 Down with the hellish devils there,
Lock'd down in horror and despair;
But oh! the formidable cries,
That fill the earth and reach the skies.

8 They turn their eyes to heav'n and see,
Where all the righteous people be?
Look down into a gaping hell,
See where the devil's host doth dwell.

9 This heaven is a happy place,
Where all the people's fill'd with grace;
This hell it is a place of spite,
Where sorrow are that's infinite.

10 Come mind the words which I have penn'd,
Lest down to hell God should you send;
The place I will describe once more,
'Tis where the devils always roar.

HYMN LXXXV.

The soul's confidence in God's faithfulness.

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as large as his pow'r,
Who knows neither measures nor end.

2 'Tis Jesus the first and the last,
Whose spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

HYMN LXXXVI.

To all saints who put their trust in the Lord Jesus Christ.

MY brethren all remember well,
That your sweet Jesus is your all;
Of grace and truth brim full he is,
For those who feel their emptiness.

2 Christ is your wisdom, righteousness,
Your strength, your holiness and peace,
Your head, your hope, your joy also,
Your all to God, your all to you.

3 His fulness yours, what can you need?
Nothing but faith thereon to feed;
And faith to you himself will give,
Rely on him, and to him live.

4 Then oh! be free with this your friend,
His fulness you can never spend;
Let all your wants be laid on him,
And he will fill you to the brim.

5 The more by faith on Christ you live,
The more to him your glory give;
The more with Christ your soul is free,
The more to him you'll welcome be.

6 Such is his boundless grace and love,
He'll joy that you his fulness prove;

So shall your joy in him be full,
Who is your everlasting all.

HYMN LXXXVII.

Buy the truth, and sell it not.

THE worth of truth no tongue can tell;
'Twill do to buy and not to sell:
A large estate that soul has got,
Who buys the truth and sells it not.

2 Truth like, a diamond shines most fair,
More rich than pearls and rubies are—
More worth than gold and silver coin;
O! may it always in us shine.

3 'Tis truth that binds and truth makes free,
And sets the soul at liberty,
From sin and Satan's heavy chain,
And then within the heart doth reign.

4 They have a freedom then indeed,
That doth all freedom else exceed—
Freedom from guilt, freedom from woe,
And never more shall bondage know.

5 O! happy they who in their youth,
Are brought to know and love the truth.
For none but they whom truth makes free,
E'er can enjoy true liberty.

6 Truth like a girdle let us wear,
And always keep it clean and fair;
And never let it once be told,
The truth by us was ever sold.

HYMN LXXXVIII.

The happy Man.

HAPPY the man whose will is bow'd
And spirit duly aw'd—
Who is resign'd in heart and mind,
Unto the will of God.

2 Happy the man that humble is,
And doth not one disdain,
That ne'er envies nor doth despise
One of his fellow men.

3 Happy the man that wears Christ's yoke,
And has a lowly mind;
Who is not easily provok'd,
Great peace then he shall find.

4 Happy the man that is not mov'd,
With all the ups and downs;
Of this vain world but lives above
Its flatteries and frowns.

5 Happy the man that's wing'd with faith,
Whose heart is fir'd with love—
Who ran and fled to take the prize,
That is laid up above.

HYMN XC.

The name of Christ, most sweet.

THAT name to me sounds ever sweet,
Where grace and truth doth always meet,
Where right'ousness doth peace embrace,
And opens wide a store of grace.

2 A meeting place it is indeed,
Where mercy meets the ſinner's need,
And opens wide a gracious ſtore,
Sufficient to relieve the poor.

3 Hark! don't you hear the heav'nly call,
It ſoundeth loud, it is to all—
To high and low, to bond and free,
That none may ſay, "tis not for me."

4 "Ho! ev'ry one that thirſts (he cries)
"Here's wine and milk, and large ſupplies;
"Come now to me and drink your fill,
"'Tis free for whoſoever will.

5 "Come now receive, I aſk no pay,
"But freely give it all away,
To all that do my word believe,
And freely now my grace receive."

HYMN XCI.

God bleſſed for all things.

BLESSED be God for all,
For all things here below;
For pain, and grief, and joy, and thrall,
To my advantage grow.

2 Bleſſed be God for ſhame,
For ſlander and diſgrace,
Welcome reproach for Jeſus' name,
Like flint, Lord ſet my face.

3 Bleſſed be God for loſs,
For loſs of earthly things;

For every ſcourge and every croſs
Me nearer Jeſus brings.

4 Bleſſed be God for want,
For want of health and food;
I live by faith and ſcorn to faint,
For all things work for good,

5 Bleſſed be God for pain,
Which tears my fleſh like thorns;
It crucifies my carnal mind,
To God my ſoul returns.

6 Bleſſed be God for doubts,
Which he hath overcome;
My ſoul in full aſſurance ſhouts,
Of being ſoon at home.

7 Bleſſed be God for fears,
Of ſin and death and hell;
When Chriſt who is my life appears,
In glory I ſhall dwell.

8 Bleſſed be God for friends,
Bleſſed be God for foes,
Bleſſed be God whoſe gracious ends,
No finite creature knows.

9 Bleſſed be God for life,
Bleſſed be God for death,
Bleſſed be God for joy and grief,
I welcome all through faith.

HYMN XCII.

Chriſt, the All-ſufficient Savior.

I AM that I am,
Saith Chriſt the dear Lamb;

What think ye, O ſinners,
Of this wond'rous name ;

2 If now you enquire
With earneſt deſire,
And ſay O to know him,
Our hearts are on fire—

3 My maſter replies,
I am will ſuffice
Thy wants O poor ſinner ;
Who unto him flies.

4 I am to the blind
The light of the mind ;
And feet to the cripple,
And ſtrength ſhall they find.

5 If ſin is thy griefs,
I am thy relief ;
A Savior I am, to
Poor ſinners the chief.

6 O ſinners, give ear,
What fulneſs is here ?
O ! who would not come to
A Savior ſo dear ?

7 He ſaw from his throne,
Poor ſinners undone ;
And their lives to ranſom,
He gave up his own.

8 He came from above,
The cauſe to remove ;

And yet shall we slight such
Unspeakable love?

9 If we like the Jews,
His kindness refuse,
'Tis plain that destruction
We wilfully chuse.

10 But O ye oppress'd
Whom sin hath distress'd,
Come, come unto Jesus,
And you shall have rest.

11 Methinks one doth cry,
"Such a sinner am I,
I dare not, I dare not
To Jesus draw nigh."

12 Christ answers again,
Thy doubting refrain,
Come, come unto me, and
I'll purge ev'ry stain.

13 Whate'er is thy case,
Come now and embrace
My precious salvation,
And thou shalt have peace."

HYMN XCIII.

The Wandering Pilgrim.

WANDRING pilgrims, mourning Christians,
Weak and tempted lambs of Christ,
Who endure great tribulation,
And with sins are much distress'd:

Chriſt has ſent me to invite you,
To a rich and coſtly feaſt;
Let not ſhame nor pride prevent you;
Come, the ſweet proviſion taſte.

2 If you have a heart lamenting,
And bemoan your wretched caſe;
Come to Jeſus Chriſt repenting,
He will give you goſpel grace:
If you want a heart to fear him,
Love and ſerve him all your days,
Only come to Chriſt and aſk him,
He will guide your feet always.

3 If your heart is unbelieving,
Doubting Jeſus' pard'ning love,
Lay hard by Bethesday waiting,
Till the troubled waters move;
If no man appears to help you,
All their efforts prove but talk;
Jeſus. Jeſus he will cleanſe you,
Riſe take up your bed and walk.

4 If like Peter you are ſinking,
In the ſea of unbelief;
Wait with patience, always praying,
Chriſt will ſend you ſweet relief;
He will give you grace and glory,
All your wants ſhall be ſupply'd,
Cana'n, Cana'n lies before you,
Riſe and croſs the ſwelling tide.

5 Death ſhall not deſtroy your comfort,
Chriſt ſhall guard you thro' the gloom;

Down he'll ſend a heav'nly convoy,
To convey you to his home;
There you'll ſpend your days in pleaſure,
Free from ev'ry want and care:
Come, oh! come, my bleſſed Savior,
Fain my ſpirit would be there.

HYMN XCIV.

An Invitation to Sinners.

COME to the glorious goſpel feaſt
Ho ev'ry one that will!
O come ye ſtarving ſouls and taſte
Thoſe joys that none can tell.

2 Ariſe ye mortals that are ſad
And bord'ring on deſpair,
Lo there is balm in Gilead,
And a Phyſician there.

3 Look to the Savior's bleeding ſide,
Behold the purple gore;
It was for wounded ſouls he dy'd,
The ſin-ſick to reſtore.

4 Behold him on the curſed tree,
With arms extended wide,
For ſinners ſuch as you and me,
The bleeding Savior dy'd.

5 'Tis finiſh'd, ſaid his dying breath,
And conquer'd death and hell,
That rebels, doom'd to endleſs death,
Might in his boſom dwell.

6 Come then receive his grace and tell
The wonders of his love;
'Till we arise with him to dwell,
In the bright worlds above.

7 No sin nor foe shall there annoy,
Or wound your peaceful breast;
But boundless love, unmingled joy,
And everlasting rest.

HYMN XCV.

Farewell to all but Christ.

FAREWELL vain world, I bid adieu,
Your glories I despise;
Your friendship I no more pursue,
Your flatt'ries are but lies.

2 You promise happiness in vain,
Nor can you satisfy;
Your highest pleasures turn to pain,
And all your treasures die.

3 Had I the Indies, East and West,
And riches of the sea;
Without my God I could not rest,
For he is all to me.

4 Then let my soul rise far above;
By faith I'll take my wing,
To the eternal realms of love,
Where saints and angels sing.

5 There's love and joy that will not waste;
There's treasures that endure;

There's pleasure that will always last,
When time shall be no more.

HYMN XCVI.

A Morning Song.

LORD, in the morning I will send
My cries, to reach thine ear;
Thou art my father and my friend,
My help forever near.

2 O lead me, keep me all this day,
Near thee in perfect peace;
Help me to watch, to watch and pray,
To pray and never cease.

3 I know my roving feet will err,
Unless thou be my guide;
Warn me of ev'ry foe and snare,
And keep me near thy side.

4 Then shall I pass all dangers safe,
And tread the tempter down;
My trust, my hope, joy and relief,
Shall be in thee alone.

5 Then let my moments smoothly run
And sing my hours away;
'Till ev'ning shades and setting suns
Conclude in endless day.

HYMN XCVII.

A Morsel for Pilgrims.

GO on ye Pilgrims, while below,
In the sure paths of peace;

Determin'd nothing elſe to know,
But Jeſus and his grace.

2 Obſerve your leader, follow him;
He thro' this world has been
Often revil'd; but like a Lamb
Did ne'er revile again.

3 O take the pattern he has giv'n,
And love your enemies;
And learn the only way to heav'n,
Thro' ſelf denial lies.

4 Remember you muſt watch and pray,
While journeying on the road;
Leſt you ſhould fall out by the way,
And wound the cauſe of God.

5 Contend for nothing but the fruit,
That feeds the immortal mind;
For fruitleſs leaves no more diſpute,
But leave them to the wind.

6 Go on rejoicing night and day,
Your crown is yet before;
Defy the trials of your way,
The ſtorm will ſoon be o'er.

7 Then you ſhall reach the promis'd land,
With all the ranſom'd race,
And join with all the glorious band,
To ſing redeeming grace.

HYMN XCVIII.

Longing for Christ.

O COULD I sing from day to day,
A nearness to my God ;
Then should my hours glide sweet away,
And live upon thy word.

2 Lord I desire with thee to live,
Anew from day to day ;
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 O Jesus come and rule my heart,
And I'll be wholly thine ;
And never, never more depart,
For thou art wholly mine.

4 Thus till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore ;
And when my flesh dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

5 Thro' boundless grace I then shall spend
An everlasting day,
In the embraces of my friend,
Who took my guilt away.

6 That worthy name shall have the praise,
To whom all praise is due ;
While angels and archangels gaze,
On scenes forever new.

HYMN XCIX.

The Backslider returning.

O WHAT a cruel wretch am I,
To leave my Jesus so !

And now without his ſmiles I lie,
And know not where to go.

2 Once I enjoy'd his ſmiling face;
But did not think ſo ſoon
I ſhould go mourning in diſtreſs,
And all my comforts gone.

3 Not all the glories of this earth,
Can do me any good;
My ſoul abhors all carnal mirth,
And groans to find my God.

4 O ſhould I ſee his face again,
I'd tell him all my woe,
Confeſs how guilty I have been
To leave my Jeſus ſo.

5 Then I will claſp him in my arms,
And he ſhall have my heart;
And earth, with all her treach'rous charms,
Forever ſhall depart.

HYMN C.

Complaining.—The good that I would I do not,
Rom. vii. 19.

I WOULD, but cannot ſing,
I would, but cannot pray;
For Satan meets me when I try,
And frights my ſoul away.

2 I would but can't repent,
Tho' I endeavor oft;

This stony heart can ne'er relent,
'Till Jesus makes it soft.

3 I would but cannot love,
Tho' woo'd by love divine;
No arguments have power to move
A soul so base as mine.

4 I would, but cannot rest
In God's most holy will;
I know what he appoints is best,
Yet murmur at it still.

5 O could I but believe!
Then all would easy be;
I would but cannot—Lord, relieve;
My help must come from thee!

6 But if indeed I would,
Tho' I can nothing do;
Yet the desire is something good,
For which my praise is due.

7 By nature prone to ill,
'Till thine appointed hour,
I was as destitute of will,
As now I am of power.

8 Wilt thou not crown at length,
The work thou hast begun?
And with a will afford me strength,
In all thy ways to run.

HYMN CI.

Apostasy.—"Will ye also go away."

WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
(Alas! what numbers do!)

Methinks I hear my Savior ſay,
" Wilt thou forſake me too ?"

2 Ah Lord ! with ſuch a heart as mine,
Unleſs thou hold me ſafe ;
I feel I muſt, I ſhall decline,
And prove like them at laſt.

3 Yet thou alone haſt power, I know,
To ſave a wretch like me ;
To whom or whither could I go,
If I ſhould turn from thee ?

4 Beyond a doubt I reſt aſſur'd
Thou art the Chriſt of God ;
Who haſt eternal life ſecur'd
By promiſe and by blood.

5 The help of men and angels join'd,
Could never reach my caſe ;
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in thy boundleſs grace.

6 No voice but thine can give me reſt,
And bid my fears depart ;
No love but thine can make me bleſs'd,
And ſatisfy my heart.

7 What anguiſh has that queſtion ſtirr'd,
If I will alſo go ?
Yet, Lord relying on thy word,
I humbly anſwer No !

HYMN CII.

The Complainer reformed.

I SET myſelf againſt the Lord,
Deſpis'd his ſpirit and his word,

And wish'd to take his place;
It vex'd me sore that I must die,
And perish too eternally,
Or else be sav'd by grace.

2 Of ev'ry preacher I'd complain,
One spoke thro' pride and one for gain,
Another's learning's small:
This spoke too fast and that too slow,
One pray'd too loud and one too low,
The other had no call.

3 With no professors could I join,
Some dress'd too mean and some too fine,
And some did talk too long;
Some had a tone, some had no gift,
Some talk'd so weak and some so swift,
That all of them were wrong.

4 I tho't they'd better keep at home,
Than to exhort where e'er they come,
And tell us of their joys;
They'd better keep their gardens free
From weeds, than to examine me,
And vex me with their noise.

5 Kindred and neighbors all were bad,
And no true friends were to be had—
My rulers were too vile:
At length I was brought for to see,
The fault did mostly lie in me,
And had done all the while.

6 The horrid loads of guilt and shame,
(Being conscious too I was to blame,)

Did wound my frighted soul;
I've sinn'd so much against my God,
I'm crush'd so low beneath his rod,
How can I be made whole?

7 But there is Balm in Gilead,
And a physician to be had,
A balsam too most free;
Only believe on God's dear son,
Thro' him the victory is won,
Christ Jesus dy'd for me.

8 For Christ's free love's a boundless sea;
What! to expire for such as me?
Yes, 'tis a truth divine;
My heart did melt, my soul o'errun
With love, to see what God had done,
For souls as mean as mine.

9 Now I can hear a child proclaim
The joyful news, and praise the name
Of Jesus Christ my king;
I know no sect, Christians are one;
With my complaints I now have done,
And God's free grace I sing.

10 Glory to him who gave his Son,
To die for crimes which we have done,
And made salvation mine;
For as we'd sold ourselves for nought,
So without money we are bought,
A blessed truth divine.

11 Come saints rejoice in Christ our king,
His solemn praises sweetly sing,
And tell the world his love;
Sinners invite for to receive
Of God's free grace, and not to grieve
The holy sacred dove.

12 All those who do an interest gain,
In the blest'd Lamb that once was slain,
Will surely happy be;
Their loud hosannas they shall raise,
A monument of God's high praise,
To all eternity.

HYMN CIII.

Self-denial: or taking up the Cross.

Mark, viii. 38. Luke, ix. 26.

ASHAM'D of Christ--my soul disdains
The mean ungenerous thought;
Shall I disown that friend whose blood
To man salvation brought?

2 With the glad news of love and peace,
From heaven to earth he came;
For us endur'd the painful cross,
For us despis'd the shame.

3 At his command we must take up
Our cross without delay;
Our lives, and thousand lives like ours,
His love can ne'er repay.

4 Each faithful sufferer Jesus views
With infinite delight;

Their lives to him are dear, their deaths
Are precious in his ſight.

5 To bear his name, his croſs to bear!
Our higheſt honor this!
Who nobly ſuffers now for him,
Shall reign with him in bliſs.

6 But ſhould we in the evil day,
From our profeſſion fly,
Jeſus the judge, before the world,
The traitor will deny.

HYMN CIV.

The Pearl of great Price.—Mat. xiii. 46.

YE glittering toys of earth, adieu,
A nobler choice be mine;
A real prize attracts my view,
A treaſure all divine.

2 Begone unworthy of my cares,
Ye ſpecious baits of ſenſe;—
Ineſtimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immenſe!

3 Jeſus to multitudes unknown,
O name divinely ſweet!
Jeſus on thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honor, pleaſure meet,

4 Should both the Indies, at my call,
Their boaſted ſtores reſign;
With joy I would renounce them all
For leave to call thee mine.

5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possess'd,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be forever bless'd.

6 Dear sov'reign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine;
Accept, the wish that love inspires,
And bid me call thee mine.

HYMN CV.

Not asham'd of Christ.

ASHAM'D of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend,
No! when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

2 Asham'd of Jesus! yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

3 'Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
'Till then, I boast a Savior slain!
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me.

4 (His institutions would I prize,
Take up my cross—the shame despise,
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.)

HYMN CVI.

On Israel's Fall.

DOES it not grief and wonder move,
To think of Israel's dreadful fall,
Who needed miracles to prove,
Whether the Lord was God or Baal.

2 Methinks I see Elijah stand,
His features glow with love and zeal,
In faith and pray'r he lifts his hand,
And makes to heav'n his great appeal.

3 O God if I thy servant am,
If 'tis thy message fills my heart,
Now glorify thy holy name,
And shew this people who thou art.

4 He spoke, and lo! a sudden flame,
Consum'd the wood, the dust, the stone,
The people struck, at once proclaim,
"The Lord is God, the Lord alone."

5 Like him we mourn an awful day,
When more for Baal than God appear,
Like him, believers, let us pray,
And may the God of Isr'el hear.

6 Lord if thy servant speaks the truth,
If he indeed is sent by thee,
Confirm the word to all our youth,
And let them thy salvation see.

7 Now may the spirit's holy fire,
Pierce ev'ry heart that hears thy word,

Consume each hurtful vain desire,
And make them know, thou art the Lord.

HYMN CVII.

The Coronation of Christ.

ALL hail the pow'r of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him ye martyrs of our God,
Who from the altar call,
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Isr'els race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget,
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Young men and old who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now joy with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tongue,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

7 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall,
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

HYMN CVIII.

The Preacher's Farewell.

BRETHREN, I bid you all farewell,
And from my very heart,
Affectionately I do tell,
That you and I must part.

2 And if I see you not again,
I trust that I can say,
My labor shall not be in vain,
That I have spent this day.

3 I trust I can to record call,
All you that hear me now,
I have declar'd God's counsels all,
As he did me endow.

4 I now depart, I leave you here,
I leave you with the Lord,
And may we all henceforth appear,
To be of one accord.

5 And if we never meet again,
While we on earth remain,
O may we meet on Canaan's shore,
And never part again.

6 There we shall join to sing God's praise,
And all his wonders tell,
And triumph in his holy ways,
So brethren fare you well.

HYMN CIX.

The Christian's Warrant.

THO' troubles assail and dangers affright,
Tho' friends all should fail and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us whatever beside,
The promise assures us, the Lord will provide.

2 The birds without barn or store-house are fed,
From them let us learn to trust in our head;
His saints, what is fitting shall ne'er be deny'd
So long as 'tis written, the Lord will provide.

3 We all may like ships, by tempests be tost
On perilous deeps, but shall not be lost:
Tho' Satan enrages the wind and the tide.
Yet scripture engages, the Lord will provide.

4 His call we'll obey, like Abra'am of old,
We know not the way, but faith makes us bold;
For tho' we are strangers we have a sure guide
And trust in all dangers the Lord will provide.

5 When Satan appears to stop up the path,
And fill us with fears, we'll triumph by faith,
He cannot take from us (tho' oft he has try'd)
This heart cheering promise, the Lord will provide.

6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain;

But when such suggestions our graces have try'd,
This answers all questions, the Lord will provide.

7 No strength of our own, or goodness we claim,
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' dear name;
In this our strong tower, for safety we hide,
The Lord is our pow'r, the Lord will provide.

8 When life sinks apace and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us thro'
Nor fearing, nor doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, the Lord will provide.

HYMN CX.

The attraction of the Cross.—John, xii. 32.

YONDER—amazing sight! I see
Th' incarnate Son of God,
Expiring on th' accurs'd tree,
And welt'ring in his blood.

2 Behold a purple torrent run
Down from his hands and head!
The crimson tide puts out the sun—
His groans awake the dead.

3 The trembling earth, the darken'd sky,
Proclaim the truth aloud,
And with th'amaz'd Centur'on cry,
"This is the Son of God."

4 So great, so vaſt a ſacrifice,
May well my hope revive;
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The ſinner ſure may live.

5 O that theſe cords of love divine,
Might draw me, Lord to thee;
Thou haſt my heart, it ſhall be thine,
Thine it ſhall ever be.

HYMN CXI.

Precious Promiſes.—2 Peter, iii. 4.

HOW firm a foundation, ye ſaints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word?
What more can he ſay than to you he hath ſaid,
You who unto Jeſus for refuge have fled?

2 In ev'ry condition, in ſickneſs and health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on land or at ſea,
As thy days may demand, ſhall thy ſtrength ever be.

3 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not diſmay'd,
I, I am thy God, and ſtill will give thee aid;
I'll ſtrengthen thee, help thee, and cauſe thee to ſtand,
Upheld by my right'ous, omnipotent hand.

4 When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe, ſhall not thee overflow,

For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bleſs,
And ſanctify to thee thy deepeſt diſtreſs.

5 When thro' fi'ry trials thy path way ſhalt lie,
My grace, all ſufficient ſhall be thy ſupply;
The flame ſhall not hurt thee, I only deſign
Thy droſs to conſume, and thy gold to refine.

6 Even down to old age, all my people ſhall prove
My ſovereign, eternal, unchangeable love:
And when hoary hair ſhall their temples adorn
Like lambs they ſhall ſtill in my boſom be borne.

7 The ſoul that on Jeſus hath leanʼd for repoſe,
I will not, I will not deſert to his foes;
That ſoul, tho' all hell ſhould endeavor to ſhake,
Iʼll never—no never—no never forſake.

HYMN CXII.

Pleading with God under affliction.

WHY ſhould a living man complain,
Of deep diſtreſs within;
Since ev'ry ſigh and ev'ry pain,
Is but the fruit of ſin.

2 No Lord, Iʼll patiently ſubmit,
Nor ever dare rebel;
Yet ſure I may, here at thy feet,
My painful feelings tell.

3 Thou seest what floods of sorrow rise,
And beat upon my soul;
One trouble to another cries,
Billows on billows roll,

4 From fear to hope, and hope to fear,
My ship-wreck'd soul is tost;
'Till I am tempted in despair,
To give up all for lost.

5 Yet thro' the stormy clouds I'll look,
Once more to thee, my God;
O fix my soul upon a rock,
Beyond the raging flood.

6 One look of mercy from thy face,
Would set my heart at ease,
One all creating word of grace,
Will make the tempest cease.

HYMN CXIII.

The Gospel Trumpet.

HARK, how the gospel trumpet sounds,
Thro' all the world the echo bounds,
And Jesus Christ's redeeming blood
Is bringing sinners home to God,
And guides him safely by his word
to endless day.

2 Hail all victorious, conq'ring Lord,
By all the heav'nly hosts ador'd,
Who undertook for fallen man,
And brot salvation thro' thy name,
That we with thee might live and reign
in endless day.

3 Fight on ye conqu'ring saints, fight on,
And when the conqueſt you have won,
Then palms of victory, you ſhall bear,
And in his kingdom have a ſhare,
And crowns of glory you ſhall wear
in endleſs day.

4 Thy blood dear Jeſus, once was ſpilt,
To ſave our ſouls from ſin and guilt;
And ſinners now may come to God,
And find ſalvation through his word,
And ſail by faith upon that flood
to endleſs day.

5 Thro' ſtorms and calms by faith we ſteer,
By feeble hopes and gloomy fears,
Till we arrive at Canaan's ſhore,
Where ſin and ſorrow are more,
We ſhout our trials there all o'er
to endleſs day.

6 Then we ſhall in ſweet chorus join,
With ſaints and angels all combine,
To ſing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years ſhall ceaſe to move,
And this ſhall be our theme above
in endleſs day.

HYMN CXIV.

A word of comfort to the Lambs of Chriſt.

BLESS'D be my God that I was born
To hear the joyful ſound;
That I was born to be baptiz'd
Where goſpel truths abound.

2 Bleſs'd be my God for what I ſee,
My God for what I hear;
I hear ſuch bleſſed news from heav'n,
Nor earth, nor hell I fear.

3 I hear my Lord for me was born,
My Lord for me did die,
My Lord for me did riſe again,
And did aſcend on high.

4 On high he ſtands to plead my cauſe,
And will return again:
And ſet me on a glorious throne,
That I with him may reign.

5 Glory to God the Father be,
Glory to God the ſon,
Glory to God the holy ghoſt,
Glory to God alone.

HYMN CXV.

Soul thirſtings from Heaven.

STILL out of the deepeſt abyſs
Of trouble I mournfully cry;
And pine to recover my peace,
And ſee my Redeemer and die.
I cannot, I cannot forbear
Theſe paſſionate longings for home;
O! when ſhall my ſpirits be there;
O! when will the meſſenger come.

2 Thy nature I long to put on,
Thine image on earth to regain:
And then in the grave to lay down,
This burden of body and pain.

O! Jesus in pity draw near,
And lull me to sleep on thy breast,
Appear to my rescue, appear
And gather me into thy rest.

3 To take a poor fugitive in
The arms of thy mercy display,
And give me to rest from all sin,
And bear me triumphant away;
Away from a world of distress,
Away to the mansions above;
A heaven of seeing thy face—
A heaven of feeling thy love.

HYMN CXVI.

A Parting Hymn.

LORD dismiss us with thy blessing,
Send it to us from above;
May we all go home a praising,
And rejoicing in thy love;
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
'Till we all shall meet above.

2 Pardon Lord now all our follies,
While together we have been;
Make us humble make us holy,
Cleanse us all from ev'ry sin,
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
'Till we all shall meet again.

3 May thy presence, Lord go with us,
To each one's respective home;
And the presence of our Jesus,
Rest upon us ev'ry one;

Farewell brethren farewell sisters,
'Till we all shall meet at home.

HYMN CXVII.

Prayer answered by Crosses.

I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow,
In faith, and love, and every grace,
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.

2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he I trust has answer'd prayer;
But it has been in such a way,
As almost drove me to despair.

3 I hop'd that in some favor'd hour,
At once he'd answer my request;
And by his love's constraining power,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart;
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

5 Yet more, with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

6 Lord, why is this, I trembling cry'd,
Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?
"'Tis in this way," the Lord reply'd,
I answer prayer for grace and faith.

7 Theſe inward trials I employ,
From ſelf and pride, to ſet thee free;
And break thy ſchemes of earthly joy,
That thou may'ſt ſeek thy all in me."

HYMN CXVIII.

Difficulties in the way of duty ſurmounted,—

Hinder me not.—Gen. xxiv. 56.

WHEN Abram's ſervant to procure
A wife for Iſaac went,
He met Rebekah—told his wiſh,—
Her parents gave conſent.

2 Yet for ten days, they urg'd the man,
His journey to delay:
Hinder me not, he quick reply'd,
Since God hath crown'd my way.

3 'Twas thus I cry'd when Chriſt the Lord,
My ſoul to him did wed;
Hinder me not, nor friends, nor foes,
Since God my way hath ſped.

4 Stay, ſays the world, and taſte a while,
My ev'ry pleaſant ſweet;
Hinder me not, my ſoul replies,
Becauſe the way is great.

5 Stay, Satan, my old maſter cries,
Or force ſhall thee detain;
Hinder me not, I will be gone,
My God has broke thy chain.

6 In all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll purſue;

Hinder me not, ye much lov'd saints,
For I must go with you.

7 Thro' floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Tho' earth and hell oppose.

8 Thro' duty, and through trials too,
I'll go at his command;
Hinder me not, for I am bound,
To my Immanuel's land.

9 And when my Savior calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be;
Hinder me not, come welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

HYMN CXIX.

Godly sorrow, arising from the sufferings of Christ.

ALAS! and did my Savior bleed?
And did my sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

CHORUS.

Thanks to the Lamb, the loving Lamb,
Who dy'd on Calvary;
The Lamb was slain, from heav'n he came,
To bleed and die for me:
The Lamb was slain, yet lives again,
To intercede for me.

2 [Thy body slain, sweet Jesus thine,
And bath'd in its own blood

While all expos'd to wrath divine,
The glorious suffrer stood.]

3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God the mighty maker dy'd
For man the creature's sin.

5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay,
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give my self away,
'Tis all that we can do.

HYMN CXX.

The Brethren's Farewell.

BRETHREN farewell, I do you tell,
That you and I must part;
I go away, and here you stay,
But still you join in heart.

2 Your love to me has run most free,
Your conversation sweet;
How could I bare to journey where
With you I cannot meet.

3 But still I find, my heart's inclin'd
To do my work below;

When Chriſt doth call, I truſt I ſhall
Be ready for to go.

4 I leave you all, both great and ſmall,
In Chriſt's encircled arms ;
Who will you ſave from death and th' grave
And ſhield you from all harm.

5 I truſt you'll pray, both night and day,
And keep your garments white ;
For you and me, that we may be
The Children of the light.

6 If you go firſt, amen you muſt,
The will of God be done ;
I hope the Lord will you reward,
With an immortal crown.

7 If I'm call'd home while I am gone,
Indulge no tears for me ;
I hope to ſing and praiſe my king,
To all eternity.

8 I long to go, ſo farewell woe,
My ſoul ſhall be at reſt ;
No more ſhall I complain or ſigh,
But be forever bleſt.

9 O may we meet and be complete,
And long together dwell ;
And ſerve the Lord with one accord,
So brethren all farewell.

HYMN CXXI.

The Youth's Reſolution.

WHILE I am bleſt with youthful bloom,
I will adore the Sacred Lamb

That bled and dy'd for me ;
If God inſpire my heart with grace,
And lets me ſee his ſhining face,
A pilgrim I will be.

2 I'll leave this world with all its toys,
And ſeek thoſe far ſuperior joys,
That do in Jeſus dwell ;
If Jeſus be my God and king,
Immortal triumph I will ſing,
O'er all the pow'rs of hell.

3 A frowning world I will defy,
And all thoſe flatt'ring charms deny,
If Jeſus ſtands my friend :
Not long I have this ſtorm to ſtand,
On this enſnaring barren land ;
My conflict ſoon will end.

4 Jeſus my friend, my cauſe will plead,
Conduct my ſteps, ſupply my need,
And never let me fail ;
Jeſus will all my foes deſtroy—
Will be my life, my ſtrength, my joy ;
Jeſus is all in all.

5 With joy I'll ſpend my fleeting days,
To ſound abroad his heav'nly praiſe,
And tell the world his love ;
And when I quit this mortal ſtage,
I ſhall in ſacred ſtrains engage,
Among the ſaints above.

6 Where I ſhall with my Jeſus dwell,
In joys beyond what tongue can tell,

On that immortal shore ;
Jesus my love shall be my joy,
His praises be my sweet employ,
And part from him no more.

HYMN CXXII.

UNITY.

LET strife forever cease,
And envy quit the field,
Come join and live in love and peace,
And to the gospel yield.

2 Let bitter words no more,
Among the saints remain ;
Let ev'ry member ev'ry hour,
Submit to Jesus' reign.

3 One Lord we have to fear,
One faith we all confess ;
To the same baptism adhere,
And magnify free grace.

4 Then why should we contend,
For meat and drink and dress,
And crucify the Lord again,
And pierce his wounds afresh.

5 When bitter words arise,
Then Satan has his ends ;
We wound the heart and hands of Christ,
Amidst his chosen friends.

6 No more we'll feel the flame,
Nor judge ourselves too wise ;

But search with care to find the beam,
That lurks within our eyes.

7 Unto the world we prove,
That we disciples are;
They shall behold us walk in love,
And say the Lord is there.

8 Then we will live like those
Who now agree in love;
And when our eyes by death shall close,
We'll join with them above.

HYMN CXXIII.

The Christian's Noblest Resolution.

AH! wretched souls, who strive in vain,
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin!
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.

2 May I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

3 O! be his service all my joy,
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.

4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn my determin'd choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

5 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wandering leave his sacred ways;
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to love thy praise.

HYMN CXXIV.

The Christian's Warfare.

MY Captain sounds the alarm of war,
"Awake, the powers of hell are near!
"To arms! to arms!" I hear him cry,
'Tis your's to conquer, or to die.

2 Rous'd by the animating sound,
I cast my eager eyes around;
Made haste to gird my armor on,
And bid each trembling fear be gone.

3 Hope is my helmet, faith my shield,
Thy word, my God, the sword I wield;
With sacred truth my loins are girt,
And holy zeal inspires my heart.

4 Thus arm'd I venture on the fight:
Resolv'd to put my foes to flight:
While Jesus kindly deigns to spread
His conqu'ring banner o'er my head.

5 In him I hope in him I trust:
His bleeding cross is all my boast:
Thro' troops of foes he'll lead me on,
To victory and the victor's crown.

HYMN CXXV.

I will not let thee go except thou bleſs me—
Gen. xxxii. 26.

LORD I cannot let thee go,
'Till a bleſſing thou beſtow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent preſſing caſe.

2 Doſt thou aſk me who I am?
Ah, my Lord, thou know'ſt my name!
Yet a queſtion gives a plea,
To ſupport my ſuit with thee.

3 Thou didſt once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy,
That poor rebel, Lord was I.

4 Once a ſinner near deſpair,
Sought thy mercy ſeat by prayer;
Mercy heard and ſet him free,
Lord, that mercy came to me.

5 Many days have paſt ſince then,
Many changes I have ſeen;
Yet have been upheld ſtill now,
Who could hold me up but thou?

6 Thou haſt help'd in ev'ry need,
This emboldens me to plead;
After ſo much mercy paſt,
Can'ſt thou let me ſink at laſt?

7 No—I muſt maintain my hold ;
'Tis thy goodneſs makes me bold,
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jeſus' ſake.

HYMN CXXVI.

The Sinner's ſelf reflection.

AH Lord ! ah Lord ! what have I done ?
What will become of me ?
What ſhall I ſay, what ſhall I do ?
Or whither ſhall I flee ?

2 By wand'ring I have loſt myſelf,
And here I make my moan :
O whither, whither have I ſtray'd !
Ah ! Lord what have I done ?

3 Thy candle ſearches all my rooms,
And now I plainly ſee,
The num'rous ſins of earth and hell
Are ſummed up in me.

4 The ſeeds of all the ills that grow,
Are in my garden ſown,
And multitudes of them are ſprung ;
Ah ! Lord what have I done ?

5 I have been Satan's willing ſlave,
And his moſt eaſy prey :
He was not readier to command
Than I was to obey :

6 Or, if at times he left my ſoul,
Yet ſtill his works went on :

I was a tempter to myſelf ;
Ah, Lord ! what have I done !

7 I puſt at all the threats of heav'n,
And ſlighted all its charms :
Nor Satan's fetters would I leave
For Chriſt's inviting arms.

8 I had a ſoul but priz'd it not ;
And now my ſoul is gone,
My forced cries do pierce the ſkies ;
Ah, Lord ! what have I done !

HYMN CXXVII.

The Pilgrim's mutual Conference.

HAIL ! happy Pilgrims, whence came ye
And whither are you bound ?
Who from the land of Egypt flee,
'Tis Cana'n we have found.

2 How come ye firſt to walk this way ?
Were you alarm'd with fear ?
A ſchool-maſter appear'd one day,
With countenance ſevere :

3 His preſence ſtruck our hearts with awe ;
His eyes appear'd like flame ;
I am ſaid he, the holy law ;
And from mount Sinai came.

4 Then lo, our ſentence he declar'd
Was everlaſting death :
For 'till he had his full demand,
We were expos'd to wrath.

5 At laſt a meſſenger of peace,
Everlaſting by name,
Appear'd and gave us ſweet releaſe,
From that devouring flame.

6 He pointed to the lamb of God,
In that diſtreſſing day,
And ſaid, behold his precious blood,
That takes your guilt away.

7 Thus were we from our bondage freed
And ſet at liberty;
Come then dear brethren, well agreed,
For thus redeem'd were we.

8 Come let us then together walk,
Together let us ſing:
Be this the ſubject of our talk,
To praiſe the Lamb our King.

HYMN CXXVIII.

Invitation to Sinners.

COME ſinners to the goſpel feaſt,
Let ev'ry ſoul be Jeſus' gueſt;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 "Have me excus'd" why will you ſay;
From health, and life, and liberty;
From all that is in Jeſus giv'n,
From pardon, holineſs and heav'n.

3 Come then you ſouls by ſin oppreſt,
Ye weary wand'rers after reſt;

Ye poor and maimed, halt and blind,
In Chriſt a hearty welcome find.

4 See him ſet forth before your eyes,
Behold the bleeding ſacrifice;
His offer'd love let all embrace,
And freely now be ſav'd by grace.

5 Ye who believe his record true,
Shall ſup with him and he with you;
Come to the feaſt be ſav'd from ſin,
For Jeſus waits to take you in.

6 This is the time, no more delay;
This is the glorious goſpel day;
Come in this moment at his call,
And live to him who dy'd for all.

HYMN CXXIX.

Joy in the Holy Ghoſt.

MY ſoul doth magnify the Lord,
My ſpirit doth rejoice
In God my Savior and my God,
I hear his joyful voice.

2 I need not go abroad for joy,
Who have a feaſt at home;
My ſighs are turned into ſongs,
The comforter is come.

3 Down from above, the bleſſed dove
Is come into my breaſt,
To witneſs God's eternal love;
This is my heavenly feaſt.

4 This makes me Abba Father cry,
With confidence of ſoul ;
It makes me cry, my Lord, my God,
And that without controul.

5 There is a ſtream which iſſues forth
From God's eternal throne,
And from the Lamb, a living ſtream,
Clear as the chryſtal ſtone.

6 The ſtreams do water paradiſe,
It makes the angels ſing :
One cordial drop revives my heart,
Hence all my joys do ſpring.

7 Such joys as are unſpeakable,
And full of glory too ;
Such hidden manna, hidden pearls,
As worldlings do not know.

8 Eye hath not ſeen, nor ear hath heard,
From fancy 'tis conceal'd,
What thou, Lord, haſt laid up for thine,
And haſt to me reveal'd.

9 I ſee thy face, I hear thy voice,
I taſte thy ſweeteſt love ;
My ſoul doth leap : But O for wings,
The wings of Noah's dove.

10 Then ſhould I flee, far hence away,
Leaving this world of ſin :
Then ſhould my Lord put forth his hand,
And kindly take me in.

11 Then ſhould my ſoul with angels feaſt,
On joys that always laſt ;

Bleſs'd be my God, the God of joy,
Who gives me here a taſte.

HYMN CXXX.

Chriſtians rejoicing in the hope and glory of God.

LO! we are journeying home to God,
Bid by the ſpirit come;
And in the way his children trod,
We ſeek our Father's home.

2 We walk a narrow path, and rough,
And we are tir'd and weak;
Yet we ſhall ſoon have reſt enough,
In thoſe bleſs'd courts we ſeek.

3 Nigh to the country we appear,
Stor'd with eternal bliſs;
We know we quickly ſhall be there,
In ſight our city is.

4 Upon Mount Zion's diſtant top,
A Lamb, our eyes behold;
'Tis Jeſus, look ye children up,
He calls us to his fold.

5 We ſee him with his raiment red,
As tho' beſmear'd with blood,
As newly ſlain he ſtands; he bled,
Us to redeem to God.

6 About him clad with ſnowy veſts,
Appears a countleſs throng;
Theſe are his ſaints, his kings, his prieſts,
Who ſing th' eternal ſong.

7 How bleſt, how more than happy theſe,
Who thus their Lord attend;
We, brethren, in their hoſts ſhall praiſe,
We ſoon ſhall there aſcend.

HYMN CXXXI.

Delight of Praiſe for the Holy Scriptures.

I BLESS the Lord,
Who gives his word,
To rule and guide me right;
To hear him ſay,
Love and obey,
Affords ſupreme delight.

2 A holy joy,
Without alloy,
With ſacred tranſport flows,
From truth divine,
I feel it mine,
To give my ſoul repoſe.

3 With ſacred love,
My paſſions move,
I burn with ſtrong deſire;
With holy aim,
And inward flame,
I feel my ſoul on fire.

4 By grace refin'd,
My ſoul inclin'd,
Shall conſecrate my days,
As due to none
But God alone,
And give him all the praiſe.

HYMN CXXXII.

Longing after Christ.

COMPANIONS of thy little flock,
Dear Lord, we fain would be;
Our helpless hearts to thee look up,
To thee, our Shepherd flee.

2 O might we lean upon that breast,
Which love and pity fill,
And now become those lambs carest,
That in thy bosom dwell.

3 How sweet that voice, how sweet that hand
Which leads to pastures fair,
Shews Cana'n's milk and honey land,
Lot of thy flock so dear.

4 Rich grace, free grace, most sweetly call,
Directly come who will,
Just as you are; for Christ receives
Poor helpless sinners still.

5 'Tis grace each day that feeds our souls;
Grace keeps us only pure;
And O! that nothing else but grace
May rule for evermore.

6 As one in heart, let's all rejoice
The sinner's friend to praise;
The Shepherd died; Oh! 'tis his voice;
He'll us to glory raise.

HYMN CXXXIII.

Meat and Drink indeed.

TO-day Immanuel feeds his sheep,
The purchase of his blood;
To-day Jehovah keeps a feast,
For all the sons of God.

2 The bread of God is freely giv'n,
The food for saints above;
The living bread sent down from heav'n,
The fruit of pard'ning love.

3 Lo! Christ our shepherd, gave us life,
To answer all our need;
His body crucifi'd, is meat,
His blood is drink indeed.

4 Ye hungry, thirsty souls draw near,
And living bread receive;
Taste the provisions of your God,
And freely eat and live.

HYMN CXXXIV.

ANOTHER.

ARISE, my soul, with wonder see
What love divine for thee hath done;
Behold thy sorrow, sin and grief,
Are laid on God's eternal Son.

2 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and grief flow mingling down;
Did e'er such love, such sorrow meet,
Or [illegible] compose so bright a crown?

3 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a prefent far too fmall;
Love fo amazing, fo divine,
Demands my foul, my life, my all.

HYMN CXXXV.

The remembrance of Chriſt in the Supper.

CHRIST in that night he was betray'd,
Took bread, gave thanks, it break and (faid,
My broken body here you fee,
Take, eat it, and remember me.

2 Thus alſo, he the cup did take;
Here's fealing blood ſhed for your ſake,
Which doth my teſt'ment ratify;
Let all drink and remember me.

3 Your pardon, with what's for your good,
Is purchas'd with my deareſt blood:
My blood to you makes pardon free;
In drinking then remember me.

4 For hungry ſouls here's manna rare,
God ſends from heaven for your fare;
This manna falls now plenteouſly;
In eating then remember me.

5 Here God ſits on a throne of grace;
Where ſinful man may ſee his face;
My blood procures your acceſs free,
In drinking then remember me.

6 See here the tree of life with fruit,
And leaves which heal, and ſtrength recruit

These I shake down poor soul to thee;
Eat freely and remember me.

7 See Jacob's ladder here set up,
A covenanting God at top;
Climb and God will transact with thee,
In doing this remember me.

8 Hence runs of life the river pure,
Which our souls' wounds doth cleanse and cure,
It freely runs to all you see:
Drink by faith, and remember me.

HYMN CXXXVI.

Marriage Hymn.

LORD, from thy throne of flowing grace
Thy choicest blessing give;
And on thy servants cause thy face
To shine, and they shall live.

2 Enrich them with thy heav'nly grace,
Unite their hearts in love;
May they, in all thy holy ways,
To thee themselves approve.

3 Let harmony and holy love,
And friendship ever run,
Thro' all their thoughts and life to prove,
Of twain they now are one.

4 Allure them, Jesus! with thy charms,
And joyfully they'l flee,
By faith and love into thine arms,
And thus be one in thee.

5 Adorn their houſe, adorn their ways,
With fruit, divinely fair;
So in this world they'l ſhew thy praiſe,
In th' next thy glory ſhare.

HYMN CXXXVII.

The Beggar's Prayer.

ENCOURAG'D by thy word
Of promiſe to the poor,
Behold a beggar, Lord,
Waits at thy mercy-door;
No hand, no heart, dear Lord but thine,
Can help, or pity wants like mine.

2 The beggar's uſual plea,
Relief from men to gain,
If offer'd unto thee
I know thou wouldſt diſdain:
But thoſe which move thy gracious ear,
Are ſuch as men would ſcorn to hear.

3 I have no right to ſay
That tho' I now am poor,
Yet once there was a day
When I poſſeſſed more;
Thou knoweſt from my very birth
I've been the pooreſt wretch on earth.

4 Nor dare I to profeſs,
As beggars often do,
Tho' great is my diſtreſs,
My faults have been but few:

If thou ſhouldſt leave my ſoul to ſtarve,
It would be what I ſhould deſerve.

5 Nor dare I to pretend
I never begg'd before,
And if thou now befriend,
I'll trouble thee no more;
Thou often haſt reliev'd my pain,
And I muſt often come again.

6 Tho' crumbs are much too good
For ſuch a wretch as I,
No leſs than children's food
My ſoul can ſatisfy:
O do not frown and bid me go;
I muſt have all thou canſt beſtow.

7 Nor can I willing be
Thy bounties to conceal
From others, who like me,
Their wants and hunger feel:
I'll tell them of thy mercy's ſtore,
And try to ſend a thouſand more.

8 Thy ways, thou only wiſe,
Our thot's and ways tranſcend,
Far as the arched ſkies
Above this earth extend:
Such pleas as mine, men would not hear,
But God receives a beggar's prayer.

HYMN CXXXVIII.

Compoſed on the death of a Wife.

HOW vain are the pleaſures of time,
How fond are vain mortals of life,

There's nought of the heav'nly ſublime,
There's nought but confuſion and ſtrife,

2 My bride, the dear wife of my youth,
Lies panting and gaſping for breath,
More pleas'd with the beauties of truth,
And bleſs'd in th' embraces of death.

3 Her ſtruggles are long and ſevere,
While ſtruggling and coughing, ſhe ſmiles;
Sa'ing, Jeſus has made me his care,
I ſoon ſhall forget all my toils.

4 She calls for the chariot of Chriſt,
How ſlowly it moves on the way,
How long, my Lord Jeſus, ſhe cries,
How long have I here, yet to ſtay?

5 Yet Jeſus is faithful to me,
He pities the pain I now feel;
I ſhall not outſtay his decree,
He gives me his love as his ſeal.

6 Farewell my dear huſband, ſays ſhe,
Now from your kind boſom I leap,
With Jeſus my bridegroom to be.
My fleſh in the cold tomb ſhall ſleep.

7 And thus ſhe continu'd to cry
For patience to wait for the word,
Till from us ſhe leap'd and did fly,
Forever to dwell with the Lord.

8 Now like a diſconſolate dove,
I'm left all alone here to mourn;
O may the kind powers above
Shew pity to me while alone.

9 I look through the rooms of my houſe,
Each door on its hinges doth turn,
While ſearching I find not my ſpouſe,
Nor will ſhe to me e'er return.

10 How loneſome my table to me,
How empty the place where ſhe ſat,
What loneſome devotion I pay,
Where together ſo happy we met.

11 And ſtill for to heighten my grief,
My ſons, a kind mother have loſt,
They can't go to her for relief,
O may they in God put their truſt.

12 And ſhall I indulge my complaint,
And tell you how loneſome my bed;
And try all my feelings to paint,
And fix to each note a dark ſhade?

13 There's none that can learn my complaint
Unleſs it is ſtamp'd on his heart;
Not all that gay heathens can paint,
Can tell how true lovers do part.

14 But thoſe who have loſt their beſt part,
Torn from them ſtill leaving the wound,
May gueſs how I feel at my heart,
And notes of this kind can be found.

15 My paſſions will lead me too far;
My grief I will leave with the Lord,
I truſt I ſhall ſhortly go where
Vain paſſion can't lead from his word.

16 My lyric I now will conclude,
And pleas'd with the tho'ts of releaſe

From troubles that do me ſurround,
To dwell in the regions of peace.

17 While I think of concluding my ſong,
Methinks ſhe bends downwards her wings
And whiſpers you're not to ſtay long,
You'll ſhortly come home to our king.

18 She now views more wonders at once,
Than ages on earth can relate,
From nation to nation ſhe runs,
Then mounts to the heavenly ſeat.

19 There waiting for further commands,
At length ſhe's directed to fly
To further inhabited lands,
New glories and wonders to ſpy.

20 And while ſhe their beauties beholds,
She having her lyre well ſtrung,
Mounts up in the chariots of gold,
And ſtrikes an eternal new ſong.

21 How long my dear Jeſus, how long,
Ere I ſhall come home to my king,
And join that eternal new ſong.
And with my kind Eſther to ſing?

22 It is but a moment or two,
I have in this world for to ſtay,
Before I ſhall leap and muſt go
To ſing in the regions of day.

23 With patience I'll wait for the morn,
Nor think the dark moments are long.

Until my Lord Jesus return.
Then join the angelical song.

HYMN CXXXIX.

On the great duty of Prayer.

WHAT var'ous hindrances we meet,
In coming to the mercy seat;
Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r
But wishes to be often there.

2 Pray'r makes the darkest clouds withdraw,
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.

3 Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight:
Pray'r makes the christian armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 When Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Isr'el's side;
But when through weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amaleck prevail'd,

5 Have you no words? Ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creatures' ears
With the sad tale of all your cares.

6 Were half our breath, thus vainly spent,
To heav'n in supplication sent,
Our cheerful songs would often be,
Hear what the Lord has done for me.

HYMN CXL.

The work of a Miniſter.

BEFORE thy throne Eternal King,
Thy miniſters their tribute bring;
Their tribute of united praiſe,
For heav'nly news and peaceful days.

2 We ſing the conqueſt of thy ſword,
And publiſh loud thy healing word;
While angels ſound thy glorious name,
Thy ſaving grace our lips proclaim.

3 Thy various ſervice we eſteem,
Our ſweet employ, our bliſs ſupreme,
And while we feel thy heav'nly love,
We burn like ſeraphims above.

4 Nor ſeraphs there can ever raiſe,
With us an equal ſong of praiſe;
They are the nobleſt work of God,
But we the purchaſe of his blood.

5 Still in thy work would we abound,
Still prune the vine or plow the ground;
Thy ſheep with wholeſome paſture feed,
And watch them with unweari'd heed.

6 Thou art our Lord, our life our love,
Our care below, our crown above;
Thy praiſe ſhall be our bleſt employ,
Thy preſence our eternal joy.

HYMN CXLI.

Christ's Crucifixion.

JESUS drinks the bitter cup,
The wine press treads alone,
Tears the graves and mountains up,
By his expiring groan:
Lo! the pow'rs of heaven he shakes,
Nature in convulsion lies,
Earth's profoundest centre quakes,
The great Jehovah dies.

2 Dies the glorious cause of all,
The true eternal plan,
Falls to raise us from our fall,
To ransom sinful man;
Well may Sol withdraw his light,
With the suffrer sympathize,
Leave the world in sudden night,
While his Creator dies.

3 O my God, he dies for me,
I feel the mortal smart!
See him hanging on a tree,
A sight that breaks my heart!
O that all to thee might turn;
Sinners ye may love him too;
Look on him ye pierc'd, and mourn
For one who bled for you.

4 Weep o'er your desire and hope
With tears of humblest love;
Sing for Jesus is gone up,
And reigns enthron'd above;

Lives our head to die no more,
Pow'r is all to Jesus giv'n,
Worship'd as he was before,
The immortal King of heav'n.

HYMN CXLII.

Christ's Ascension.

HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes;
Christ a while to mortals giv'n,
Re-ascends his native heaven.
There the pompous triumph waits;
"Lift up your heads, eternal gates!
"Wide unfold the radiant scene,
"Take the King of glory in!"

2 Him tho' highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Tho' returning to his throne,
Still he calls the world his own;
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads;
Next himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

3 Master (may we ever say)
Taken from our head to day;
See thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing upon thee!
Grant, tho' parted from our sight:
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Foll'wing thee beyond the skies.

4 Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking, when our Lord shall come
Longing, gasping after home;
There we shall with thee remain,
Partners of thine endless reign,
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heav'n of heav'ns in thee.

HYMN CXLIII.

For a person under temptation.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past:
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee—
Leave, oh! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All mine help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind;

Juſt and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteouſneſs!
Vile and full of ſin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee I found,
Grace to pardon all my ſin;
Let the healing ſtreams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee,
Spring thou up within my heart,
Riſe to all eternity.

HYMN CXLIV.

The Chriſtian's complaint, and prayer for the Impenitent.

AH! woe is me, conſtrain'd to dwell
Among the ſons of night:
Poor ſinners dropping into hell,
Who hate the goſpel light:
Wild as the untam'd Arab's race,
Who from their Savior fly;
And trample on his pard'ning grace,
And all his threats defy.

2 Yet here alas! in pain I live,
Where Satan keeps his ſeat,
And day by day for thoſe I grieve,
Who will to ſin ſubmit;
With guſhing eyes their deeds I ſee,
Their puniſhment is nigh,
I aſk with him who ranſom'd me,
Why will you ſin and die?

3 Jesus, Redeemer of mankind
Display thy saving pow'r ;
Thy mercy let those outcasts find,
To know their gracious hour :
Ah! give them Lord a longer space ;
Nor suddenly consume,
But let them take the proffer'd grace,
And flee the wrath to come.

5 Open their eyes and ears to see
Thy cross, to hear the cries,
Sinner thy Savior weeps for thee,
For thee he weeps and dies.
All the day long he meekly stands,
His rebels to receive ;
And shews his wounds, and spreads his hands,
And bids you turn and live.

HYMN CXLV.

The Year of Jubilee.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know
To earth's remotest bound :
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return ye ransom'd sinners home !

2 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heav'nly grace ;
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Savior's face ;
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return to your eternal home !

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim;
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return ye ranſom'd ſinners home.

HYMN CXLVI.

Praiſe for the hope of Glory.

I SOJOURN in a vale of tears,
Alas how can I ſing!
My harp doth on the willows hang,
Diſtun'd in ev'ry ſtring.

2 My muſic is a captive's chains;
Harſh ſounds my ears to fill;
How ſhall I ſing ſweet Zion's ſongs,
On this ſide Zion's hill?

3 Yet lo! I hear the joyful ſound,
Surely I'll quickly come!
Each word much ſweetneſs doth diſtil,
Like a full honey comb.

4 And doſt thou come my deareſt Lord?
And doſt thou ſurely come?
And doſt thou ſurely quickly come?
Methinks I am at home.

5 Come then my deareſt, deareſt Lord,
My ſweeteſt ſureſt friend;
Come, for I loath theſe Kedar tents!
The fiery chariot ſend.

6 What have I in this barren land?
My Jeſus is not here;

Mine eyes will ne'er be bleſt until
My Jeſus doth appear.

7 My Jeſus is gone up to heav'n
To get a place for me;
For 'tis his will, that where he is
There ſhould his ſervants be.

8 Canaan I view from Piſgah's top,
Of Canaan's grapes I taſte;
My Lord who ſends unto me here,
Will ſend for me at laſt.

9 I have a God that changeth not,
Why ſhould I be perplext?
My God that owns me in this world
Will own me in the next.

10 My deareſt friends they dwell above,
Them will I go to ſee:
And all my friends in Chriſt below
Will ſoon come after me.

HYMN CXLVII.

The Sinner's Fear.

ALAS! for I have ſeen the Lord,
With a drawn ſword he ſtood;
Now might he ſheathe it in my fleſh,
And bathe it in my blood.

2 I've dar'd him with my mighty ſins,
As if he was too ſlow;
But now he comes both arm'd and girt,
As an enraged foe.

3 What ſhall a guilty ſinner do,
When juſtice does appear?

O whither ſhall I flee from him,
Whoſe place is ev'ry where ?

4 As I can neither ſtand nor fly,
So neither can I bear
The mighty hand which grinds the rocks,
And doth foundations tear.

5 My pale, my poor, my trembling ſoul,
Does ſtart at ev'ry thing ;
It hourly fears huge hoſts of wrath
From this incenſed King.

6 Should he but his commiſſion grant,
All creatures would engage
Againſt me as their foe profeſs'd,
With an united rage.

7 My fears are juſt ; I deſerve hell,
And 'tis my proper hire ;
But who can dwell ; O ! who can dwell
With everlaſting fire ?

HYMN CXLVIII.

The unknown World.—Compoſed on the tolling of a Bell.

HARK ! my gay friends, that ſolemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a ſoul !
'Tis gone, that's all we know—not where,
Or how th' unbody'd ſoul doth fare.

2 In that myſter'ous world none knows
But God alone, to whom it goes ;
To whom departed ſouls return,
To take their doom, to ſmile or mourn.

3 Oh! by what glimm'ring light we view
The unknown world we're haſt'ning to!
God has lock'd up the myſtic page,
And curtain'd darkneſs round the ſtage!

4 Wiſe heav'n to render ſearch perplext,
Has drawn 'twixt this world and the next
A dark impenetrable ſcreen,
All behind which is yet unſeen!

5 We talk of heav'n, we talk of hell;
But what they mean no tongue can tell;
Heav'n is the realm where angels are,
And hell the *chaos* of deſpair!

6 But what theſe awful words imply,
None of us know until we die!
Whether we will or no, we muſt
Take the ſucceeding world on truſt.

7 This hour perhaps our friend is well,
Death ſtruck the next, he cries farewell!
I die—and then, for ought we ſee,
Ceaſes at once to breathe and be.

8 Thus launch'd from life's ambiguous ſhore,
Ingulph'd in death, appears no more;
Then undirected to repair
To diſtant worlds we know not where.

9 Swift flies the ſoul, perhaps 'tis gone
A thouſand leagues beyond the ſun;
Or twice ten thouſand more thrice told,
Ere the forſaken clay is cold!

10 And yet who knows, if friends we lov'd,
Tho' dear, may be ſo far remov'd;

Only a veil of flesh between,
Perhaps they watch us tho' unseen.

11 Whilst we their loss lamenting say,
They're out of hearing, far away;
Guardians to us perhaps they're near,
Conceal'd in vehicles of air.

12 And yet no notices they give,
Nor tell us where or how they live;
Tho' conscious, whilst with us below,
How much themselves desir'd to know:

13 As if bound up by solemn fate,
To tell the secret of their state:
To tell their joys or pains to none,
That man might live by faith alone.

14 Well, let my sov'reign, if he please,
Lock up his marvellous decrees:
Why should I wish him to reveal
What he thinks proper to conceal?

15 It is enough that I believe,
Heav'n's brighter than I can conceive,
And he that makes it all his care
To serve God here, shall see him there!

16 But Oh! what worlds shall I survey,
The moment that I leave this clay!
How sudden the surprise, how new!
Let it my God be happy too.

APPENDIX.

I. *The True Christian.*

ALL we who have known the Law's dreadful sentence
Should put on the armor the gospel prepares,
By faith, love and patience, and living repentance,
Commit to the Lord all our causes and cares,
We'll die to this world, and all its false pleasures,
And in our Lord's Kingdom we'll lay up our treasure,
Where safety, and honor, and love without measure,
Invite us to join the blest ensign of life.

2 Oh! then may I never forget the great blessing,
Of him who hath purchas'd my life with his blood,
And to his great father now makes intercession
That those who believe may become sons of God,
What tho' while below we do meet with temptation,
Through faith we shall conquer, Oh sweet consolation,

For Jesus hath told us thro' great tribulation,
His servants must enter the Kingdom of rest.

3 May each with sincere and unfeign'd resolution,
Pursue the straight path that our savior hath trod,
Nor world, flesh, nor devil can make a disunion,
Twixt Christ and the soul that is born of God,
Forsaking this world, and all things that are carnal,
Religion that's lukewarm, and lifeless and formal,
Pursue those bright truths that may last us eternal,
In heav'n where perfect love casteth out fear.

4 My Savior is gone to his kingdom in glory,
To build me a mansion house there without hands,
And my feeble spirit here waits till he call me,
To sing his loud praises in that promis'd land,
There shall I behold creation's great father,
Encircled with glorious perfections eternal,
Whom angelic spirits, nor Gabriel can fathom,
Nor Heav'ns high harpers fulfil the praise due.

II. *An Evening Hymn.*

AGAIN the circling hours disclose,
The happy time for sweet repose;

Then let us free from anxious care,
Addreſs the throne of grace by pray'r

2 Thou great firſt cauſe leaſt underſtood,
Thou only wiſe, and great, and good,
Almighty ruler of the ſkies,
Accept our evening ſacrifice.

3 With willing hearts, and thankful ſongs,
Praiſe God to whom all praiſe belongs,
And for the favors of the day,
Our gratitude in ſongs diſplay.

4 That God who ſaid, let there be light,
And from the ebon throne of night,
Shot thro' the gloom a vivid ray,
Hath kept us through another day,

5 Oh! may theſe thoughts poſſeſs our breaſt,
While we on downy pillows reſt,
Each dull deſponding murmur ceaſe,
And every dream, and thought be peace.

III. *Chriſtian Fellowſhip.*

WHEN Zion's humble pilgrims meet,
Their converſation will be ſweet;
Faſhion and faults, envy, and pride,
And anxious cares are laid aſide.

2 Time is too precious to be ſpent,
In formal rounds of compliment,
Their eager ſpirits wiſh to know,
How Zion flouriſhes below.

3 They mourn their faults with broken hearts,
Deſcribe the tempter's wiles, and arts,

Then ſing how Chriſt their living head,
Reclaims the loſt, and raiſe the dead.

4 We'll ſearch his word, and tell its pow'r,
How it ſupports us hour by hour,
Diſpels the ſhades—our ſouls revive,
And gives us food to eat and live.

5 This food is light, this food is love,
'Tis truth deſcending from above,
'Tis words of grace from him who reigns
O'er death, and hell, and broke their chains.

6 Truth, what a baſe on which to build,
Truth is the great foundation ſeal'd;
The rock unmov'd though Satan raves,
Built here, we'll ſing amidſt the waves.

7 Then let our ſpirits joyful ſing,
All glory to our conquering King;
For tho' we're dead, and blind and lame,
Thro' him we more than victory gain.

IV. *Chriſt our Life.*

SINCE brethren we are one,
In Jeſus Chriſt our head;
The firſt begotten ſon,
Who raiſ'd us from the dead,
Come let us now our vows renew,
And holineſs' high way purſue.

2 The path is mark'd ſo plain
That he that runs may read;
Secure from death and pain,
Who in this way proceed,

Why then in disputations stray,
Since Christ hath said I am the way.

3 I am the way to God,
The vulture's eye can't see,
The lion's whelp ne'er trod,
But those who come to me,
For he that doth believe in me,
From the first sentence, death, is free.

4 The new and living way,
In which there is no death;
Then let us praise, and pray,
With ev'ry fleeting breath.
And on the promise safe rely,
Which faith believers shall not die.

V. *What think ye of Christ.*

WHAT think ye of Christ? is the test
To try both your state and your scheme;
You cannot be right in the rest,
Unless you think rightly of him;
As Jesus appears in your view,
As he is beloved or not,
So God is disposed to you,
And mercy, or wrath are your lot.

2 Some take him a creature to be,
A man, or an angel at most:
Sure these have not feelings like me,
Nor know themselves wretched, and lost;
So guilty, so helpless, am I,
I dare not confide in his blood;

Nor on his protection rely,
Unleſs I were ſure he is God.

3 Some call him a Savior in word,
But mix their own works with their plan;
And hope he his help will afford,
When they have done all that they can;
If ſayings prove rather too light,
(A little they own they may fail)
They purpoſe to make up full weight,
By caſting his name in the ſcale.

4 Some ſtyle him the pearl of great price,
And ſay he's the fountain of joys,
Yet feed upon folly and vice,
And cleave to the world and its toys;
Like Judas, the Savior they kiſs,
And while they ſalute him, betray;
Ah! what will profeſſions like this
Avail in his terrible day.

5 If aſk'd what of Jeſus I think,
Although my beſt thoughts are but poor;
I ſay he's my meat and my drink,
My life, and my ſtrength, and my ſtore,
My ſhepherd, my huſband, my friend,
My ſavior from ſin, and from thrall,
My hope from beginning to end,
My portion, my Lord, and my all.

VI. *Baptismal Hymn.*

HOW lowly is the way,
Our Savior's feet have trod;
Where Jeſus' ſcepter ſways,
We feel a preſent God.

His councils mark, his word we prize,
And bear our croſs, the ſhame deſpiſe.

2 When Chriſt to earth came down
To be his people's guide;
Refus'd an earthly crown,
And check'd his foll'wers pride;
Then mark'd a new and living way,
To his bright throne in endleſs day.

3 Beneath old Jordan's flood,
He meekly laid his head;
Thus teaching that his blood
Has pow'r to raiſe the dead:
The holy Spirit like a dove,
Proclaims, and ſeals a Father's love.

4 The triune God we ſee,
The Father, Spirit, Son,
United one in three,
Baptiſm's right doth own:
Believers we ſhould follow him,
And thus put on the chriſtian name.

5 Lord we obey thy call
And humbly thus repair:
Thou ſacred all in all,
O! hear our earneſt pray'r,
Lord by thy ſpirit's quick'ning pow'r,
Reſt, and remain from this glad hour.

6 Ye lofty trees whoſe ſhade,
Bend o'er this hallowed brink;
And purling ſtreams whoſe glide,
Refreſh the world with drink,

Let men, and beasts, and floods, and plains,
Each in their sphere, say Jesus reigns.

7 Yes we will join, and sing,
With solemn sweet accord;
Till hill and valley ring,
Loud praises to the Lord,
With heart and voice we thus proclaim,
The captain of salvation reigns.

VII. *Thanks.*

WE thank thy name oh Lord,
That we are still thy care,
That thou hast spread the board,
Again with frugal fare,
And fed us richly with thy food,
Oh! may it do our natures good.

2 Oh! may our souls be fed,
With manna from above,
That pure celestial bread,
And faith that works by love,
That we may daily grow in grace.
And run with joy the heavenly race.

VIII. *Claiming a Blessing.*

ONCE more dear brethren here we meet,
To fall before the mercy seat;
And saints whom Jesus deigns to own,
May claim a blessing from his throne.

2 If we have met in Jesus' name,
Our wants, our hopes, and prayers the same;

Our savior in the midst will be,
And make each cloud of darkness flee.

3 A blessing that we can't receive,
And such alone as God can give;
If then to day we stand in want,
Our Savior promises to grant.

4 Then let us in our needy case,
Come boldly to the throne of grace;
And for those favors that we need,
Devoutly at the altar plead.

5 Grant us thy blessing while we stay;
Bless all the duties of the day;
That at the close, with hearts sincere,
We'll say 'twas good that we were here.

6 Pardon Oh! Lord our every sin,
Bless us without, bless us within,
Forgive our crimes, our country spare,
And make each house, a house of prayer.

IX. *The Lamb of God.*

GOD of my salvation hear,
And help me to believe;
Humbly do I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive;
Full of guilt alas! I am,
But to thy wounds for refuge flee,
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

2 Standing now as newly slain,
To thee I lift mine eye;

Balm of all my grief, and pain,
Thy blood is always nigh,
Now as yesterday the same,
Thou art, and wilt forever be;
Friend of sinners, &c.

3 Nothing have I Lord to pay,
Or can thy grace procure;
Empty send me not away,
For thou knowest I am poor,
Dust and ashes is my name,
My all is sin, and misery;
Friend of sinners, &c.

4 No good word, or work, or thought,
Bring I to buy thy grace;
Pardon I accept unbought,
Thy proffer I embrace;
Coming as at first I came,
To take, and not bestow on thee,
Friend of sinners, &c.

5 Savior from thy wounded side,
I never will depart;
Here will I my spirit hide,
When I am pure in heart,
Till my place above I claim,
This only shall be all my plea,
Friend of sinners, &c.

X. *Lord's Day Morning.*

GREAT God of boundless might,
Accept our morning lays,

And for the favors of the night,
Receive our humble praiſe.

2 Let thankful ſongs ariſe,
For this auſpicious day,
Emblem of heav'n when earth and ſkies
Shall melt in flames away.

3 This morn our God aroſe,
Triumphant from the dead,
Death, hell, and ſin, and all our foes,
As conquer'd captives led

4 Lift up your heads, ye gates,
Ye everlaſting doors;
For lo! he comes in regal ſtate,
Clad with Almighty power.

5 Who is this glorious King,
That riſes through the air?
Hark! hear the heavenly arches ring.
The faireſt of all fair.

6 The bright, and morning ſtar,
That bids all darkneſs ceaſe;
The wonderful, the counſellor,
The glorious prince of peace.

7 Since we have met this day,
Oh may we meet with thee!
Whether we ſing, or praiſe or pray,
May we ſee thy glory ſee.

8 Oh may we ſee thy power;
Dead ſinners here to raiſe,
Sure they will bleſs the happy hour.
That taught their tongues thy praiſe,

9 Then let us join and ſing,
The praiſes of our God,
The praiſes of our prieſt, and king,
Who bought us with his blood.

XI. *Gospel Ministers.*

LET it the conſtant ſtudy be,
Of him call'd to the miniſtry;
Whom gifts, and grace completely arm,
Old Satan's citadel to ſtorm.

2 Regardleſs of the praiſe of men,
If they approve, or if condemn;
Approv'd of God, a workman nam'd
That needeth not to be aſham'd.

3 Dividing right the word of truth,
A part for age, and part for youth;
For chriſtians young and old a treat,
With milk the firſt, the laſt with meat.

4 'Twixt ſaint and ſinner draw a line,
The firſt with radiant crowns ſhall ſhine,
While thoſe ſunk deep in endleſs night,
Confeſs the ſentence juſt and right.

5 For all ſhall bow beneath the rod
And every tongue confeſs to God;
The law of juſtice and of grace,
Divides at laſt the human race.

6 Grant we may hear the truth to day,
And every ſoul the call obey,
Oh may the thunders of thy word!
Awake our ſouls to praiſe the Lord.

XII. *Praise to God.*

THOU great first cause of every being,
Wisdom power and glory's son;
Thine arm sustain thine eye all seeing,
Both things past, and things to come,
Thou self-sufficient mightest stand,
Nor slumb'ring eye, nor wearied hand.

2 Come all who own this God of nature,
For your Maker, Lord and King;
And ye who trust this mediator,
With your hearts his praises sing,
Sing him who triumph'd o'er our foes,
Spoil'd death, and hell, then conquering rose.

3 When a lost race thou cam'st to purchase,
Pay our debt of guilt and thrall,
Then death enclos'd thee, hell resounded,
Christians mourn'd their shepherd's fall,
Then death our great high priest, resigned,
How impotent all pow'r to thine.

4 Praise him whose love forgives our follies,
Shews his pierced hands, and feet,
His wounded heart relieves our sorrows,
Makes us for his kingdom meet;
Praise Father, Son and Spirit three,
We'll praise the triune Deity.

XIII. *Saul's Armor.*

WHEN first my soul enlisted,
My Savior's foes to fight;
Mistaken friends insisted,
I was not arm'd aright,

So Saul adviſed David,
He certainly would fail;
Nor could his life be ſaved,
Without a coat of Mail.

2 But David tho' he yielded,
To put the armor on;
Soon found he could not wield it,
And ventur'd forth with none,
With only ſling and pebble,
He fought the fight of faith;
The weapon ſeem'd but feeble,
Yet prov'd Goliah's death.

3 Had I by him been guided,
And quickly thrown away
The armor men provided,
I might have gain'd the day,
But arm'd as they adviſ'd me,
My expectations fail'd,
The enemy ſurpriſ'd me,
And had almoſt prevail'd.

4 Furniſh'd with books and notions,
And arguments and pride,
I practiſ'd all my motions
And Satan's pow'r defi'd:
But ſoon perceiv'd with trouble,
That theſe would do no good,
Iron to them is ſtubble,
And braſs like rotten wood.

5 I triumph'd at a diſtance,
While he was out of ſight;

But faint was my resistance,
When forc'd to join in fight,
He broke my sword in shivers,
And pierc'd my boasted shield,
Laugh'd at my vain endeavors,
And drove me from the field.

6 Satan will not be braved
By such a worm as I:
Then let me learn with David,
To trust in the Most High;
To plead the name of Jesus,
And use the sling of pray'r;
Thus arm'd, when satan sees us,
He'll tremble, and despair.

XIV. *Gideon's Fleece.*

THE signs which God to Gideon gave,
His holy sovereignty make known;
That he alone has power to save,
And claims the glory as his own.

2 The dew which first the fleece had fill'd,
When all the earth was dry around;
Was from it afterwards withheld,
And only fell upon the ground.

3 To Israel thus the heav'nly dew,
Of saving truth, was long restrain'd;
Of which the gentiles nothing knew,
But dry, and desolate remain'd.

4 But now the gentiles have receiv'd
The balmy dew of gospel grace;

And Iſrael, who his ſpirit griev'd,
Is left a dry, and empty fleece.

5 This dew ſtill falls at his command,
To keep his choſen plants alive,
They ſhall, tho' in a thirſty land,
Like willows by the waters thrive.

6 But chiefly when his people meet,
To hear his word, and ſeek his face:
The gentle dew, with influence ſweet,
Deſcends, and nouriſhes their grace.

7 But ah! what numbers ſtill are dead,
Tho' under means of grace they lie,
The dew ſtill falling round their head,
And yet their hearts untouch'd, and dry.

8 Dear Savior, hear us when we call;
To wreſtling prayer an anſwer give;
Pour down thy dew upon us all,
That all may feel, and all may live.

XV. *The Throne of Grace.*

WHEN Hannah preſs'd with grief,
Pour'd forth her ſoul in pray'r;
She quickly found relief,
And left her burthen there:
Like her in every trying caſe,
Let us approach the throne of grace.

2 When ſhe began to pray,
Her heart was pain'd and ſad;
But ere ſhe went away,
Was comforted, and glad:

In trouble what a reſting place
Have they who know the throne of grace.

3 Though men, and devils rage,
And threaten to devour;
The ſaints from age to age,
Are ſafe from all their pow'r;
Freſh ſtrength they gain to run their race,
By waiting at the throne of grace.

4 Eli her caſe miſtook,
How was her ſpirit mov'd,
By his unkind rebuke?
But God her cauſe approv'd,
We need not fear a creature's face,
While welcome at the throne of grace.

5 She was not fill'd with wine,
As Eli raſhly thought;
But with a faith divine,
And found the help ſhe ſought:
Though men deſpiſe and call us baſe,
Still let us ply the throne of grace.

6 Men have not pow'r or ſkill,
With troubled ſouls to bear,
Though they expreſs good will,
Poor comforters they are:
But ſwelling ſorrows ſink apace,
When we approach the throne of grace.

7 Numbers before have try'd,
And found the premiſe true;
Nor yet have been deny'd,
Then why ſhould I, or you?

Let us by faith, their footsteps trace,
And hasten to the throne of grace.

8 As fogs obscure the light,
And taint the morning air,
But soon are put to flight,
If the bright sun appear;
Thus Jesus will our troubles chase,
By shining from the throne of grace.

XVI. *The Physician.*

HOW lost was my condition,
'Till Jesus made me whole;
There is but one Physician,
Can cure a sin-sick soul,
Next door to death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave,
To tell to all around me,
His wond'rous pow'r to save.

2 The worst of all diseases
Is light compar'd with sin;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within:
'Tis palsy, plague and fever,
And madness all combin'd;
And none but a believer
The least relief can find.

3 From men great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain;
But this prov'd more distressing,
And added to my pain:

Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus ev'ry refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.

4 At length this great Physician,
How matchless is his grace;
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case;
First gave me sight to view him,
For sin my eyes had seal'd;
Then bid me look unto him,
I look'd and I was heal'd.

5 A dying risen Jesus,
Seen by an eye of faith;
From ev'ry danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death,
Come then to this physician,
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only look, and live.

XVII. *The glory of the Church.*

HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken
O my people faint and few;
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you.
Themes of heartfelt tribulation,
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls, salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.

2 There like ſtreams that feed the garden
Pleaſures without end ſhall flow ;
For the Lord your faith rewarding,
All his bounty ſhall beſtow :
Still in undiſturb'd poſſeſſion,
Peace, and righteouſneſs ſhall reign ;
Never ſhall you hear oppreſſion,
Or the noiſe of war again.

3 Ye, no more your ſuns deſcended,
Waning moons no more ſhall ſee ;
But your griefs forever ended,
Find eternal noon in me :
God ſhall riſe, and ſhining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night ;
He, the Lord ſhall be your glory,
God your everlaſting light.

XVIII. *Rejoice the ſoul of thy ſervant.*

WHEN my pray'rs are a burden and taſk,
No wonder I little receive ;
O Lord, make we willing to aſk,
Since thou art ſo ready to give.
Altho, I am bought with thy blood,
And all thy ſalvation is mine ;
At diſtance from thee, my chief good,
I wander and languiſh, and pine.

2 Of thy goodneſs of old when I read,
To thoſe who were ſinners like me ;
Why may I not wreſtle, and plead,
With them a partaker to be ?

Thine arm is not ſhorten'd ſince then,
And thoſe who believe in thy name ;
Ever find thou art yea, and amen,
Thro' all generations the ſame.

3 While my ſpirit within me is preſt,
With ſorrow, temptation, and fear,
Like John I would lean on thy breaſt,
And pour my complaints in thine ear.
How happy and favor'd was he,
Who cou'd on thy boſom repoſe !
Might this favor be granted to me,
I'd ſmile at the rage of my foes.

4 I have heard of thy wonderful name,
How great and exalted thou art ;
But oh ! I confeſs to my ſhame,
It faintly impreſſes my heart :
The beams of thy glory diſplay,
As Peter once ſaw thee appear,
That tranſported like him I may ſay,
It is good for my ſoul to be here.

5 What a ſorrow and weight didſt thou feel,
When nail'd for my ſake to the tree !
My heart ſure is harder than ſteel,
To feel no more ſorrow for thee :
Oh let me with Thomas deſcry,
The wounds in thy hands, and thy ſide ;
And have feelings like his when I cry,
My God, and my Savior hath dy'd.

6 If thou haſt appointed me ſtill,
To wreſtle, and ſuffer, and fight ;

O make me reſign'd to thy will,
For all thine appointments are right:
This mercy at leaſt I entreat,
That knowing how vile I have been;
I with Mary, may wait at thy feet
And weep o'er the pardon of ſin.

XIX. *Welcome Cross.*

'TIS my happineſs below,
Not to live without the croſs;
But the Savior's pow'r to know,
Sanctifying every loſs:
Trials muſt, and will befal;
But with humble faith to ſee,
Love inſcrib'd upon them all,
This is happineſs to me.

2 God in Iſrael ſows the ſeeds,
Of afflictions, pain and toil;
Theſe ſpring up, and choke the weeds,
Which would elſe o'erſpread the ſoil:
Trials make the promiſe ſweet,
Trials give new life to pray'r;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chaſtiſement by the way;
Might I not, with reaſon fear,
I ſhould prove a caſt away:
Baſtards may eſcape the rod,
Sunk in earthly vain delight;

But the true born son of God;
Must not, would not, if he might.

XX. *Bartimeus.*

MERCY; oh thou son of David,
Thus the blind Bartimeus pray'd;
Others by thy word are saved,
Now to me afford thine aid:
Many for his crying chid him,
But he call'd the louder still;
'Till the gracious Savior bid him,
"Come and ask me what you will."

2 Money was not what he wanted,
Tho' by begging us'd to live;
But he ask'd and Jesus granted,
Alms which only he could give:
"Lord remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day;"
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
Follow'd Jesus in the way.

3 Oh! methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around;
Friends is not my case amazing?
What a savior I have found,
Oh! that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advis'd by me!
Surely would they hasten to him,
He would cause them all to see.

XXI. *The Disciples at sea.*

CONSTRAIN'D by their Lord to embark,
And venture without him to sea;

The ſeaſon tempeſtuous and dark,
How griev'd the diſciples muſt be!
But tho' he remain'd on the ſhore,
He ſpent the night for them in pray'r,
They ſtill were as ſafe as before,
And equally under his care.

2 They ſtrove, tho' in vain for awhile,
The force of the waves to withſtand;
But when they were wearied with toil,
They ſaw their dear Savior at hand:
They gladly receiv'd him on board,
His preſence their ſpirits reviv'd;
The ſea became calm at his word,
And ſoon at their port they arriv'd.

3 We, like the diſciples are toſs'd,
By ſtorms on the perilous deep;
But cannot be poſſibly loſt,
For Jeſus has charge of the ſhip:
Tho' billows, and winds are enrag'd,
And threaten to make us their ſport;
This pilot his word has engag'd,
To bring us in ſafety to port.

4 If ſometimes we ſtruggle alone,
And he is withdrawn from our view;
It makes us more willing to own
We nothing without him can do:
Then Satan our hopes would aſſail,
But Jeſus is ſtill within call;
And when our poor efforts quite fail,
He comes in good time, and does all.

5 Yet Lord, we are ready to ſhrink,
Unleſs we thy preſence perceive ;
O ſave us (we cry,) or we ſink,
We would but we cannot believe :
The night has been long, and ſevere,
The winds, and the ſeas are ſtill high,
Dear Savior this moment appear,
And ſay to our ſouls it is I.

XXII. *Zion.*

GLORIOUS things of thee are ſpoken,
Zion, city of our God ;
He whoſe word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode :
On the rock of ages founded,
What can ſhake thy ſure repoſe ;
With ſalvation's walls ſurrounded
Thou may'ſt ſmile at all thy foes.

2 See ! the ſtreams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well ſupply thy ſons, and daughters,
And all fear of want remove :
Who can faint while ſuch a river,
Ever flows thy thirſt t' aſſwage ?
Grace which like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the clouds and fire appear ;
For a glory, and a cov'ring,
Shewing that the Lord is near :

Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night and ſhade by day ;
Safe they feed upon the manna,
Which he gives them when they pray.

4 Bleſt inhabitants of Zion,
Waſh'd in the Redeemer's blood ;
Jeſus, whom their ſouls rely on,
Makes them kings, and prieſts to God,
'Tis his love his people raiſes,
Over ſelf to reign as king ;
And as prieſts, his ſolemn praiſes,
Each for a thank-off'ring bring.

5 Savior, if of Zion's city,
I thro' grace a member am ;
Let the world deride, or pity,
I will glory in thy name :
Fading is the worldling's pleaſure,
All his boaſted pomp and ſhow ;
Solid joys, and laſting treaſure,
None but Zion's children know.

XXIII. *Little Gift.*

CHRISTIANS attend the call,
My voice obey ;
Although your gift is ſmall,
No more delay :
The Father, Spirit, Word,
Will each his help afford,
Preſs on to know the Lord ;
Improve your gift.

2 When we left Egypt's land,
Our ſouls rejoic'd :
The Father's great command,
" Obey my voice :"
Was muſic in our ears,
But when the croſs appears,
We're fill'd with doubts and fears,
Our gift's ſo ſmall.

3 This is the Lord's command,
When we begin :
Forſake both houſe and land,
To follow him ;
Take up your croſs each day,
Ever rejoice and pray,
And never more delay
To uſe your gift.

4 The Spirit ſpeaks the ſame,
Moves on the mind ;
Altho' we're deaf and lame,
And dumb and blind ;
He will work in, and for,
If we can ſelf abhor,
And follow that bright ſtar,
Our little gift.

5 Nought can profeſſors do,
Then why ſo loath,
To ſpeak that we do know ?
The ſpirit doth
Indite what we muſt ſay,
Whether exhort or pray,

If we walk in the way
Where duty leads.

6 Zion arise and shine,
Thy light is come;
Tis grace alone divine,
That brings us home:
Then do not one refuse,
Your talent for to use,
Lay by that old excuse,
My gift's so small.

XXIV. *The Word made Flesh.*

SAVIOR descend with pow'r divine,
And bless the bread, and bless the wine;
Our hearts rejoice, be glad and sing,
Beneath the shadow of thy wing.

2 The bread, sweet to our taste become,
Like children starving long from home,
Returning to our Father's board,
May eat and drink, and praise the Lord.

3 The wine refresh our hearts, that we
To run our race may strength'ned be;
Become in us a living spring,
That as we journey, we may sing.

4 These elements a token are,
Of what the Lord did for us bear;
The bread his body represents,
Object of faith, but not of sense.

5 Behold the wine! a type of blood,
Flowing from Christ the Lamb of God,

And as we look, O ! may a tear
Bedew our cheeks, while God we hear.

6 Eat, eat my friends, the bread is free,
And drink, yea drink abundantly.
Whoever drinks (the word is plain)
Chriſt ſays ſhall never thirſt again.

7 Brethren awake ! with one accord,
This is the ſupper of the Lord ;
Beloved, riſe, make haſte away,
'Tis God that calls, God's voice obey.

8 To quench your thirſt, my heart hath bled,
My body dy'd to raiſe the dead ;
That Chriſtians all, from ſin ſet free,
While eating may remember me.

9 Oh ! may we never more forget
This bread of life, this heav'nly treat,
Our ſouls have feaſted on to day,
But always friends, rejoice and pray.

XXV. *Baptism.*

HUMBLE ſouls who ſeek ſalvation,
Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of recollection,
Tread the path that Jeſus trod:
Flee to him your only ſavior,
In his mighty name confide;
Thro' the whole of your behavior,
Own him as your ſovereign guide.

2 Hear the bleſt redeemer call you,
Liſten to his gracious voice;

Dread no ills that can befal you,
While you make his ways your choice,
Jesus saith, let each believer,
Be baptised in my name;
He himself in Jordan's river,
Was immers'd beneath the stream.

3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay;
Gladly his command embracing,
Lo! your captain leads the way;
View the rite with understanding,
Jesus' grave before you lies,
Be inter'd at his commanding,
After his example rise.

XXVI. *Another.*

JESUS our triumphant head,
Ris'n victorious from the dead;
To the realms of glory gone
To ascend his rightful throne.

2 Cherubs on the conqu'rer gaze:
Seraphs glow with brighter blaze;
Each bright order of the sky,
Hail him as he passes by.

3 Saints the glorious triumph meet;
Strew their garments at his feet;
By his scars, his toils are view'd,
And his garments roll'd in blood.

4 Heav'n its king congratulates;
Opens wide her golden gates;

Angels, ſongs of vict'ry ſing,
All the bliſsful regions ring.

5 Sinners join the heav'nly powers,
For redemption all is ours;
None but burden'd ſinners prove,
Blood-bought pardon, dying love.

6 Hail thou dear, thou worthy Lord,
Holy Lamb—incarnate Word;
Hail! thou ſuff'ring Son of God,
Take the trophies of thy blood.

XXVII. *Another.*

UP-RISING from the dark-ſome tomb,
See the victorious Jeſus come;
Th' almighty pris'ner quits the pris'n,
And angels tell the Lord is ris'n.

2 Ye guilty ſouls that groan and grieve;
Hear the glad tidings; hear and live;
God's righteous law is ſatisfy'd,
And Juſtice now is on our ſide.

3 Your ſafety thus releas'd by God,
Pleads the rich ranſom of his blood;
No new demand, no bar remains,
But mercy now in triumph reigns.

4 Believers hail your riſing head,
The firſt-begotten from the dead;
Your reſurrection's ſure thro' his,
To endleſs life, and endleſs bliſs.

XXVIII. *Dying Christian.*

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame,
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh! the pain, the bliss of dying;
Cease fond nature, cease thy strife,
Let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper, angels say,
Sister spirit come away!
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath;
Tell me my soul can this be death?

3 The world recedes, it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic, ring.
Lord, lend your wings; I mount, I fly:
Oh grave! where is thy victory?
Oh death! where is thy sting?

XXIX. *Faith.*

AWAY my unbelieving fear;
Fear shall in me no more take place,
My Savior doth not yet appear;
He hides the brightness of his face:
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no
I never will give up my shield.

2 Altho' the vine its fruit deny,
Altho' the olive yield no oil;

The withering fig-tree droop and die—
The field illude the tiller's toil;
The empty ſtall no herd afford,
And periſh all the bleating race;
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my ſalvation praiſe.

3 Barren altho' my ſoul remain
And no one bud of grace appear,
No fruit of all my toil and pain,
But ſin and only ſin is here.
Altho' my gifts and comforts loſt,
My blooming hopes cut off I ſee,
Yet will I in my Savior truſt,
And glory that he dy'd for me.

4 In hope believing, againſt hope,
Jeſus my Lord, my God I claim;
Jeſus my ſtrength ſhall lift me up;
Salvation is in Jeſus' name,
To me he ſoon ſhall bring it nigh,
My ſoul ſhall ſoon out-ſtrip the wind,
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and ſin behind.

XXX.

Love and Conqueſt of Chriſt our King.

HOW great was that love,
That brought Chriſt from above,
And nail'd him to that ſhameful tree;
What not I alone,
But my ſpecies are known
To be all dreſt in arms againſt thee.

2 How Satan doth rage,
And moſt fiercely engage ;
Out of priſon he comes forth to reign ;
Will you ſerve a baſe ſlave,
Whoſe bounty's the grave,
And whoſe wages muſt be endleſs pain?

3 Come friends don't delay,
For lo ! now is your day,
Let reaſon all doubtings decide ;
Come let conſcience ſpeak,
It is right we ſhould ſeek,
And ſhould love him who made and provides.

4 Yea more, vaſtly more,
I have treaſur'd in ſtore,
Which affection would urge me to ſpeak ;
Shall God the Moſt High,
Become human and die,
And we never his favor once ſeek.

5 But if you refuſe,
This bleſs'd lover who ſues,
And reject all the offers he brings ;
Then his wrathful ire,
It will burn you like fire,
For Chriſt will be known as your king.

6 Yes Chriſt is my king,
'Twas himſelf that did bring,
My ſoul out of darkneſs to light ;
He form'd me again,
With himſelf I ſhall reign,
And overcome death through his might.

7 Come saints we will sing,
Unto Christ who did bring
Salvation from heav'n to earth ;
It was publish'd above
In the regions of love,
And was sung at Immanuel's birth.

XXXI. *The Paradox.*

HOW strange is the course that a christian must steer,
How perplex'd is the path he must tread ;
The hope of his happiness rises from fear,
And his life he receives from the dead.

2 His fairest pretensions must wholly be wav'd
And his best resolutions be cross'd,
Nor can he expect to be perfectly sav'd,
Till he finds himself utterly lost.

3 When this is all done and his heart well assur'd,
Of the total remission of sin,
When his pardon is seal'd and peace is procur'd,
From that moment his conflicts begin.

XXXII. *Redeeming Love.*

LET us love, and sing, and wonder,
Let us praise the Savior's name,
He has hush'd the law's loud thunder,
He has quench'd Mount Sinai's flame,
He has wash'd us in his blood,
He has brought us nigh to God.

2 Let us love the Lord who bought us,
Who deſcended from on high,
And from death to life hath brought us,
By his death on Calvary;
He has waſh'd us with his blood,
He preſents our ſouls to God.

3 Let us ſing, tho' fierce temptations
Threaten hard to bear us down;
For the Lord, our ſtrong ſalvation
Holds in view the Conqu'ror's crown,
He who waſh'd us with his blood,
Soon will bring us home to God.

4 Let us wonder—grace and juſtice,
Join and point to mercy's ſtore,
When thro' grace, in Chriſt our truſt is,
Juſtice ſmiles and aſks no more;
He who waſh'd us with his blood,
Has ſecur'd our way to God.

5 Let us praiſe and join the chorus,
Of the ſaints enthron'd on high,
Here they truſted him before us,
Now their praiſes fill the ſky;
Thou haſt waſh'd us by thy blood,
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God.

6 Hark! the name of Jeſus ſounded
Loud, from golden harps above;
Lord we bluſh, and are confounded,
Faint our praiſe, and cold our love;
Waſh our ſouls and ſongs with blood,
For by thee we come to God.

THE END.

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